

★ Feb. 12, 1955

THE

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NEW YORKER





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANASTASIA—Maybe the heroine of this amiable drama is the late Czar of Russia's daughter, and then again maybe she isn't. At any rate, the play is distinguished by the performances of Viveca Lindfors, as the alleged daughter, and Eugenie Leontovich, as the Dowager Empress. Guy Bolton is the author. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE BAD SEED—Maxwell Anderson's scary melodrama dealing with a winsome little girl who is also homicidal. Patty McCormack is most convincing as this tiny Lizzie Borden, and Nancy Kelly, Henry Jones, Evelyn Varden, and Thomas Chalmers do well as her elders. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

THE FLOWERING PEACH—Perhaps Clifford Odets is a trifle uncertain in his handling of the theme of Noah and his ark, but Menasha Skulnik is splendid as the old animal fancier, and he gets a lot of help from Berta Gersten, Leon Janney, Janice Rule, and Barbara Baxley. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE GRAND PRIZE—June Lockhart and John Newland are very attractive in Ronald Alexander's comedy about a girl who wins a television quiz program, but the central joke wears pretty thin. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

LUNATICS AND LOVERS—While Sidney Kingsley's lowdown and ractety farce may not be up to some of the great ones of the past, it is a pretty entertaining piece just the same. Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Mary Anderson, Nat Cantor, and Arthur O'Connell are in the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 13.)

MRS. PATTERSON—Eartha Kitt gives a wonderfully versatile performance as a fifteen-year-old dreamer, but this fantasy, by Charles Sebree and Greer Johnson, never gets very far off the ground. The supporting cast includes Estelle Winwood, Avon Long, Ruth Attaway, and Estelle Hemsley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

QUADRILLE—Noel Coward has written better plays than this, if seldom a talkier one. The Lunts, with stout assistance from Brian Aherne and Edna Best, make it a show you may well want to see anyway. (Coronet, 40th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE RAINMAKER—What with a plain girl as the heroine and a handsome stranger as her awakener, there is an antique air about this melodrama by N. Richard Nash, but Geraldine Page is mighty effective as the drab young lady. Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme also appear in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 12.)

THE SOUTHWEST CORNER—After a very promising beginning, John Cecil Holm's play about an old lady who takes in a disastrous guest gets more than a little monotonous. Eva Le Gallienne, Enid Markey, and Parker Fennelly are chiefly involved. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St., CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WEDDING BREAKFAST—Lee Grant is excellent as a young woman whose cultural ambitions almost wreck two romances, and Harvey Lem-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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beck, Virginia Vincent, and Lee Philips are appealing in other parts. The play itself, however, is rather lacking in force and credibility. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE WISTERIA TREES—Helen Hayes is triumphant again, but Joshua Logan's Americanization of "The Cherry Orchard" still seems rather a mistake. With Ella Raines, Bramwell Fletcher, Walter Matthau, Cliff Robertson, and Lois Smith. The last in this season's series of four revivals by the New York City Center Theatre Company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St., CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—If you can identify the murderer in Agatha Christie's first-rate melodrama, you probably belong on the police force yourself. The cast of thirty includes Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, Ernest Clark, Horace Braham, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIVERSARY WALTZ: Marjorie Lord and Macdonald Carey in a comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH**: Tom Ewell has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl (Louise King) while his wife is away for the summer. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and

Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC**: A satire by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann on the business world of today. Loring Smith is at the head of the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 12.) ... **TEA AND SYMPATHY**: At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of the understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of the sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON**: John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly concerned. Eli Wallach will replace Mr. Wayne on Monday, Feb. 14. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

THE BOY FRIEND—This satire on 1920 musical comedies is one of the funniest and liveliest of our imports from London. Sandy Wilson and Vida Hope are mainly responsible for the form and content of the entertainment, and Julie Andrews is completely disarming as the blond heroine of the preposterous story. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FANNY—A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people, production, and plot. There is color and gaiety in it, too, and good music by Harold Rome, sung with force and charm by Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other interpreters of Marseille waterfront life. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

HOUSE OF FLOWERS—There isn't too much merit in the book provided by Truman Capote for this musical, and Harold Arlen's music is somewhat thin, but the sets by Oliver Messel are dazzling. So is Pearl Bailey, who figures prominently in the affair, assisted by Diahann Carroll, Juanita Hall, and Rawn Spearman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—A comedy about romance and confusion in a pajama factory that makes an absolutely topnotch musical. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; and Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PETER PAN—Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard in probably the best rendering of the Barrie fantasy in the history of our theatre. Jerome Robbins is the director, and there is quite a lot of new incidental music by various hands. Kathy Nolan, Margalo Gillmore, and Joe E. Marks are also in the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

PLAIN AND FANCY—Some good, clean fun among the Pennsylvania Dutch that has a great deal of charm if not too much wit. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book, Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt did the songs and lyrics, respectively, Helen Tamiris arranged the dances, and Raoul Pène duBois designed the sets and costumes. The cast includes Shirl Conway, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE SAINT OF BLEECKER STREET—Virtue triumphing over vice in Greenwich Village. Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera sometimes gets pretty murky,

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

but it's beautifully staged and has a superb villainess in the person of Gloria Lane, who lines out Mr. Menotti's melodies with great verve. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CAN-CAN: Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Norwood Smith and Lilo are among the resident Parisians. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **KISMET:** William Johnson is now the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Elaine Malbin, Richard Oneto, Julie Wilson, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together the score from the music of Alexander Borodin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE DESPERATE HOURS—Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his own novel, with Karl Malden and Nancy Coleman. Robert Montgomery is the director, and Howard Erskine and Mr. Hayes are the producers. Opens Thursday, Feb. 10. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TONIGHT IN SAMARKAND—Louis Jourdan and Jan Farrand in a play by Jacques Deval and Lorenzo Semple, Jr. Directed by Alan Schneider and produced by Bruce Becker and Robert Ellis Miller. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 16. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE WAYWARD SAINT—A comedy by Paul Vincent Carroll, with Paul Lukas, Liam Redmond, and William Harrigan in a cast directed by John Gerstad. The producers are Courtney Burr and John Byram. Opens Thursday, Feb. 17. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Feb. 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Jean Anouilh's "Thieves' Carnival," in an adaptation by Lucienne Hill. William LeMassena and Gerry Fleming head a cast under the direction of Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—In spite of a rather unsatisfactory production, Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma" is still quite comic and provocative. Geraldine Fitzgerald, Roddy McDowall, Shepperd Strudwick, Philip Bourneuf, Frederic Worlock, Will Kuluva, and Vaughn Taylor are among those who engage in the debate. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

PRESIDENT THEATRE—"The Troublemakers," George Bellak's drama about a murder in a New England college, is a little overwrought and ingenuous, but it is exciting, and its point is serious and important. The leading players are William Smithers, Lois Wheeler, and Curt Conway. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—Friday through Sunday, Feb. 11-13, at 8:40: Oscar Wilde's "The

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Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and directed by John F. Grahame. ... ¶ Friday through Sunday, Feb. 18-20, at 8:40: "The Pirates of Penzance," the first in a series of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas to be put on by the Light Opera Theatre. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Twelfth Night," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

THEATRE DE LYS—"The Immortal Husband," a comedy written by James Merrill and directed by Herbert Machiz. Anne Meacham and William Sheidy head the cast. Opens Monday, Feb. 14. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter, nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

VICENTE ESCUDERO—Spanish gypsy dancer, with his company of thirteen flamenco singers, dancers, and musicians. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 19.)

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, March 13—Tuesday evening, Feb. 15: "Con Amore," "Fanfare," "Pas de Trois," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 16: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Prodigal Son," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 17: "The Duel," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Pied Piper." ... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 18: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare." ... ¶ Saturday matinee, Feb. 19: "Interplay," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 19: "Con Amore," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 8-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30.)

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET—A company headed by Anton Dolin, with Tamara Toumanova, Nora Kovach, and Istvan Rabovsky as guest stars. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: "Esmeralda" (Act II), "Scheherazade," and "Symphony for Fun." ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Prince Igor." ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30: "Napoli," "Swan Lake," and "Petrouchka." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club is primarily designed for those who would like to live like kings and those who already do so. Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band

until ten; then dance music by Quintero's rumba men and the orchestra of the veteran Chauncey Gray. Closed Mondays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Soft music at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday in the Palm Court (which at that time is half commuter, half campus), as well as in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Selected specimens of local and West Coast fauna, staring in rapture at people they haven't seen since cocktails. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

NINO'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6644)—The deb and sub-deb gaiety of the vanished Pall Mall Supper Club survives in this resplendent monument to the art of dining and dancing in style. Hugo Pedell, one of the room's earliest settlers, sets his cool little jazz band in motion at nine, and it is spelled by the Latin quartet of Horace Diaz. Cocktail and dinner music by Nick D'Amico's duo. Dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Marion Marlowe is the most recent wanderer from the sedentary arts (TV and the like) to exhibit a craving for night life. She sings, of course. Her setting is the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bandmen exude their usual persuasive music. Only a dinner show on Sundays, and closed every Monday. ... ¶ A small orchestra, generally Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Lisa Kirk, a handsome stand of tall timber, is belting out songs that are true to her sees-all, knows-all, tells-all fashion. Ted Straeter and his band, as perky (and vocal) as so many larks, make very pretty and very danceable music. Mark Monte's instrumentalists are also on hand. Closed Sundays. On Thursday, Feb. 17, a new show, involving Mata and Hari, those elfin balletomanes, and Anne Crowley, a soprano from the musical-comedy stage. ... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. ... ¶ At cocktails, Leo Lefleur's music ornaments the Palm Court. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which, in accordance with its custom, plays music that's more to dream to than dance to. Closed on the Sabbath.

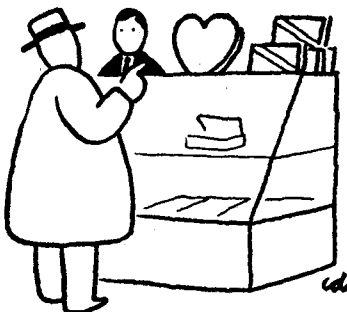
ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Billy Daniel and Georgine Darcy, who have put some thought and talent into their mixture of banter and footwork, appear at dinner and supper, which are as festive feasts as you'll find in town. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari perform for athletic guests. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Woody Herman and the Third Herd are pouring forth their stop, look, and listen jazz in the Café Rouge, most of whose patrons nevertheless get up and dance to it. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A habit-forming indulgence among a certain group that's afraid to go home in the dark. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The music of the incumbent retrospective show of Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz tunes could hardly be improved upon, which is not exactly true of the intervening book. All the same, a desperate man named Paul Gray and a dizzy blonde named Louise Hoff prove that you can get humor out of a turnip, and Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow get the same thing out of their dance routines. Hope Hampton, just added to the cast, sings in the manner of a *grande dame* opening a charity bazaar. Salvatore Gioè's band and Panchito's





BRONZINI

*interprets
the Egyptian*



FONTAINE

DRESS BY PAULINE TRIGÈRE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rumba men think up dance music after nine and between shows.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Line Renaud, a Parisian diva with distinctly Manhattan overtones, is a good-looking girl in good voice. Her songs share a basic problem with French movies; i.e., occasional slips between the Gallic dialogue and the American subtitles. She's chirruping in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. Nat Brandwynne's big band, the other performer, never sounded better. Closed Sundays....

¶ Alex Fogarty's piano embellishes an alcove of Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra is in action from eight-thirty to one; on Sundays, Mischa Borr's dance orchestra does all the honors, from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one can take an eagle's-nest gander at New York, way down yonder, while deciding whether the town's worth the long journey back. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, and done to the life. Except Sundays, there's Rudy Timfield's piano all evening; at supper, Norbert Faconi, master of the let-me-take-you-away-from-all-this-brand-of-tableside-violin, prowls the room. Bud Gregg makes quiet piano music at supper on Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The keyboard recitals of Cy Walter, which run from six to eight and from ten to two every evening but Sunday, manage to be crisp and cool and, at the same time, full of joy.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sundays, Paul Morse has the floor.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The lays of that ancient minstrel Eddie Davis and his helpmeets take care of the dancers after nine. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A new, more sedate, and yet (if possible) more elaborate Nino's, with cocktail, dinner, and supper piano by George Kent waiting gently o'er the lea. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): An ancient favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Nobody bothers about introductions at this neighborly beach club. Louis Hawkins, its moving spirit, and Bob Printz operate the baby grands from seven on. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): An old restaurant in a new setting, part of which (after seven-thirty) is music, mostly violin and piano, seasoned with plenty of schmalz.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, a comic gem of purest ray, has spent some time (all of it on location) studying the quaint folkways of Harvard, Vermont, Mars, and other good neighbors; he departs on Saturday, Feb. 12. Portia Nelson, the household's pet nightingale, warbles knowingly but affectionately of love; the four Larks sweep mellifluously through their jive ditties; Charlotte Rae lampoons the more exasperating members of the girl-singer industry. The fervent background music is the work of Bart Howard, Otis Clements, and Jimmy Lyons' trio.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): After you've been on Irwin Corey's personally conducted tour of Shakespeare, you won't be able to tell Macbeth from Ophelia, but you will have had a wonderful time. The Turtlenecks chant sweet-

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ly and gaily the sort of ballads most quartets haven't the gumption to try, and Janet Brace sings jazz like a little, if slightly wayward, angel. Georgia Carr's jump tunes swing all the way from the floor. The music of Julius Monk, master and mentor of this buoyant ménage, and the unique Norman Paris Trio bring out the best in all parties. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sister Rosetta Tharpe, a revivalist who can give the Devil more than his due, is tossing spirituals around these premises. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A venerable Village playground, noted for the vigorous double piano of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, as well as the solo piano of Hazel Webster. There are also people singing songs, telling jokes, or both. Sundays, Paul Killiam speaks his triple-sec sound track for aged silent movies; Mondays are audition nights.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur every night (after eleven) but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers; the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge, where Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, trots forth agreeable piano every night but Monday.... **SON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Neighborhood vaudeville in the anything-for-a-laugh style. Mae Barnes, a modernized Little Buttercup; Jimmie Daniels, a lush-life singer; the Three Flames, the house band; and Bruce Kirby, the house fall guy, are standard equipment. The guest artists are Tony and Eddie, who make rowdy fun of practically everybody, and Lee Goodman, a jackanapes who cannot be held responsible for anything he says. Closed Mondays.... **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Pretty nearly all the problems women have amassed for themselves are mordantly discussed in this Left Bank cellar by Jorie Remes as she engages in a Laocoön waltz with an amazingly alive stole. The mood and surroundings are air-conditioned Jean-Paul Sartre. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The New York sales office of a long-established Dixie enterprise in which Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon are anything but silent partners. Ted Roy is at the keyboard during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, live coals are brought to this Newcastle by visiting firemen. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's fusiliers give the dust little chance to settle anywhere. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan and Alex Kallao both contribute thunderbolt piano to their respective trios. The storm breaks at nine. Sunday nights, Jack Elliot, a light-fingered pianist, and

his trio do all the chores. Cocktail and dinner piano every day.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Admirers of incunabular American jazz should be pleased with the honest craftsmanship of Wilbur de Paris and his boys—Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, George Foster, and Sonny White. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Barbara Carroll, almost unique among jazz pianists in that she is a visual as well as an aural delight, takes off, along with her trio, at ten on her flights of fancy. George Wallington, another serious student of modernist piano, also heads up an excellent trio. They're on tap every night but Sunday.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A lot of the old hands—the Eddie Davis quintet, the Sonny Stitt quintet, and the Milt Buckner trio—are again patrolling this street of fitful dreams. It's advisable to sit at a table, not among the gallery gods. Mondays, when the regulars are at rest, are jam-session nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Sharkey Bonano's old-school bandmen get to work early (six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, five-thirty Sundays). This Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13, Jimmy McPartland's gossoons will also be in the receiving line. Dancing after nine-thirty; no music Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine, Marian McPartland, one of the least showy but most imaginative of the girl pianists, applies a light touch to some forward-looking capers. She's backed by a two-man rhythm section. The interlude piano is provided by Johnny Mehegan, who shuttles from Juilliard to jazz without ever losing sight of either. No action on Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, the trio headed by Herman Chittison, professor emeritus of the keyboard, begins playing good, steady rhythm at nine-thirty every evening but Sunday. While they're out in the alley, Joe Moon has the use of the piano.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): On the long runway behind the enormous bar, jet-propelled Dixiecrats (among them Charlie Shavers, Ken Kersey, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Arthur Magyar, Buster Bailey, Charlie Queener, Leonard Gaskin, and Steven Lacy) cook up a prodigious supply of heated Southern comfort. The hours are from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M. Closed Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 6th St. (GR 3-9742): A weekend gathering place for the toponoth musicians. Friday, Feb. 11, such pitchmen as Coleman Hawkins, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Jimmy McPartland, Miff Mole, Vic Dickenson, Cecil Scott, Tony Parenti, Joe Sullivan, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy Rushing are expected. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another lively weekend resort. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12, the racket squad should comprise Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Gene Sedric, Tyree Glenn, Willie the Lion Smith, and R. C. H. Smith.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—A new set of his geometric abstractions, rich in color and strict in pattern, as always; through Feb. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)
RENATO BIROLLI—New paintings, strong and handsome in both design and color, by one of the leading Italian modernists; through Feb. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)
REG BUTLER—A model for his "Unknown Political Prisoner," plus forty more pieces and some drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)
MORRIS DAVIDSON—"Mexican Hat," "The Night Machines," and "The Blue Generals" are a few of the titles of these oils and caseins; through Feb. 26. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)
RAOUL DUFY—A retrospective showing of his work, comprising oils, gouaches, and water colors and ranging in date from 1903 to



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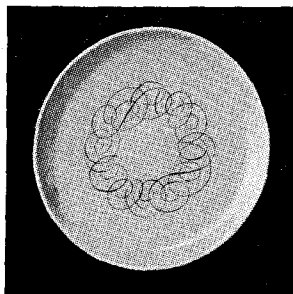
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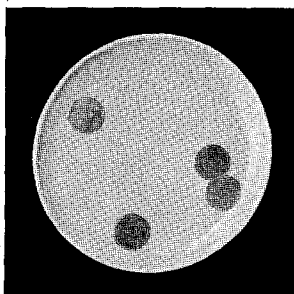
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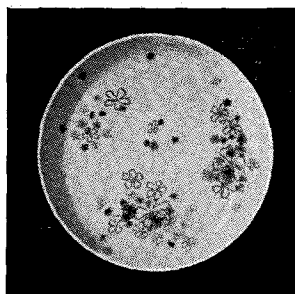
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1951; through March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HERBERT FERBER—Sculptures in copper and lead, based on plant and root forms; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Large, richly colored abstract oils, many of them showing a suggestion of Oriental influences; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (The Stable Gallery, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

JAMES LECHAY—Abstract variations on city symbols and other subjects, done with great subtlety of color; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

IRVING LEHMAN—Recent oils and water colors, again with the city as their subject; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

PICASSO—A truly handsome loan exhibition of paintings, dated 1920-44; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

HENRY V. POOR—Four terra-cotta heads, in addition to paintings and drawings of Maine and Cape Cod; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

AD REINHARDT—New abstractions, interestingly handled despite a tendency to narrow the color variations almost to the vanishing point; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JERRI RICCI—Two dozen water colors, with views of Boston and New York predominating; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

DORIS ROSENTHAL—A new group of her charmingly sympathetic Mexican studies, in her first exhibition in nine years; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

BEN SHAHN—A small but very well chosen retrospective, covering the last twenty-five years of this artist's development; through Friday, Feb. 11. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

CHARLES STEVENS—Plaster, wood, and stone sculptures, plus a selection of drawings; through Feb. 26. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Oriental subjects for the most part, done with a sharply detailed and very effective stylization; through Feb. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

POLYGNOTOS VAGIS—New sculptures, reflecting an unusual mixture of strength and felicity, in his first exhibition in nine years; through Feb. 26. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

KEITH VAUGHAN—Dark, solidly patterned oils, by a contemporary English artist; through Feb. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

MARTHA VISSER-T'HOOF—About fifteen paintings, some of figures and rocks, and a portfolio of gouaches; through Friday, Feb. 18. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

THEODOR WERNER—A first solo show in this country of one of the leading contemporary German abstractionists; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

THE CONE COLLECTION—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Matisse, and others, from the collection of French art acquired by Dr. Claribel and Miss Etta Cone and bequeathed to the Baltimore Museum, for which this exhibition is a benefit; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Knodler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Fifty new oils in another of the City Center Gallery's series of showings by local artists, this one more than usually varied in styles; through Feb. 25. (New York City Center Gallery, 131 W. 55th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, water colors, and other works by twenty artists, most of them new to us here; through March 7. (Serigraph, 38 W. 57th St.)

AUSTRIANS; GROUP SHOW—Around forty oils by Hugo Schoenborn, Peter Palffy, and four more present-day painters; through March 12. (Galerie De Braux, 131 E. 55th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Five modern artists,

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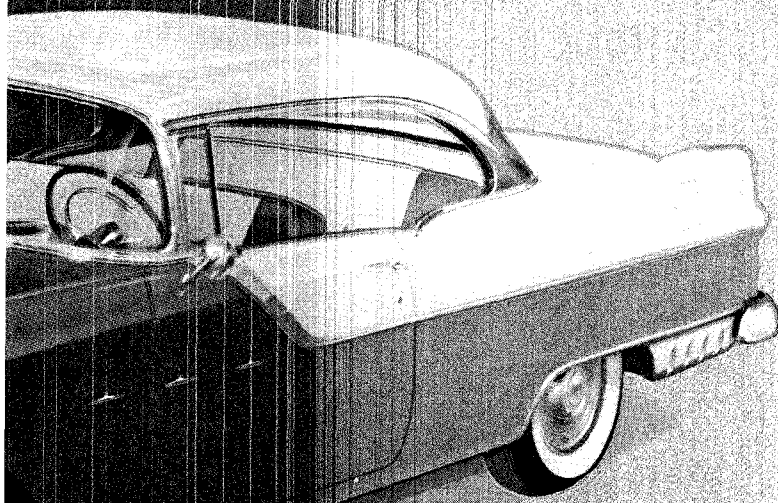
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

among them Alexandre Garbell and Bernard Buffet; through Feb. 28.... **GALLERY 75**, 30 E. 75th St.: Works by Tal Coat, Lorjou, Venard, and thirteen others, in a roundup of the younger contemporary painters; through Feb. 26. (Daily, 11 to 5:30.)

GERMANS; GROUP SHOW—German art today as seen in the paintings of Willi Baumeister, Heinz Trökes, and Rolf Cavael, and in the sculptures of Hans Jaenisch and Hans Uhlmann; through Feb. 26. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BARCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Herbert Saslow; starting Monday, Feb. 14.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Rosella Hartman; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15.... **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Georges Mathieu; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15.... **PANORAS**, 62 W. 56th St.: Harlan Jackson; starting Monday, Feb. 14.... **VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Piper; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15.... ¶ Group shows at the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15. **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; starting Monday, Feb. 14.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred prints representing the work of European artists from Post-Impressionists to present-day practitioners; through Feb. 20.... ¶ Around five hundred photographs from sixty-nine countries make up a show, organized by Edward Steichen, called "The Family of Man;" through May 8. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Recent acquisitions, among them a constructivist sculpture by Pevsner and an early Feininger, along with a group of pieces from the Museum collection, ranging from a Seurat and a Cézanne to a recent "constellation" by Calder. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1955 Annual, this time combining paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings in one big performance; through Feb. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: The American premiere of Richard Strauss's "Arabella," with an English libretto by John Gutman, Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, Blanche Thebom, George London, and Brian Sullivan. (A benefit sponsored by the National Council of the Metropolitan Opera Association for the Employees Welfare Fund.)... ¶ Friday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Lucine Amara, Cesare Siepi, and Cesare Valletti.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Risé Stevens, Hilde Gueden, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Manhattanville College Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call TR 6-7987.)... ¶ Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Richard Tucker, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, Josef Metternich, and Clifford Harvuot.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Aida," with Renata Tebaldi, Nell Rankin, Kurt Baum, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Cesare Siepi, and Richard Tucker.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Jean Fenn,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Giuseppe Campora, and Frank Valentino. . .
¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, and Robert Merrill. . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Arabella" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, Martha Lipton, and Roberta Peters.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting—Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:45; Friday, Feb. 11, at 2:30; and Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2:30 (all with Myra Hess, piano); Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 18, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:45 (with John Corigliano, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Pierre Monteux conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—William Steinberg conducting, with Victoria de los Angeles, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:45.)

GERSHWIN CONCERT—Paul Whiteman conducting an all-Gershwin program by the A.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. A benefit for the George Gershwin Memorial Foundation of B'nai B'rith Victory Lodge. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—At Carnegie Hall—Sunday, Feb. 13, at 5:30: Howard Hanson conducting the first in a series of four programs of music by Pulitzer Prize winners. . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: Werner Janssen conducting an all-Sibelius concert, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano.

MUSICI—String ensemble. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, and Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:40.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Arnold U. Gamson directing Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," in concert form, by the New York Concert Choir and an orchestra, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; and other soloists. The third in a series of four programs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. . . ¶ Town Hall; same program. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8:45.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Frank Brieff directing the chorus and an orchestra in solo and choral cantatas, arias, and duets of Johann Sebastian Bach, with Eileen Farrell, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; and other soloists. The third in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

BURL IVES—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

CLAREMONT STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos, and with Paul Creston, piano. The second in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:46.)

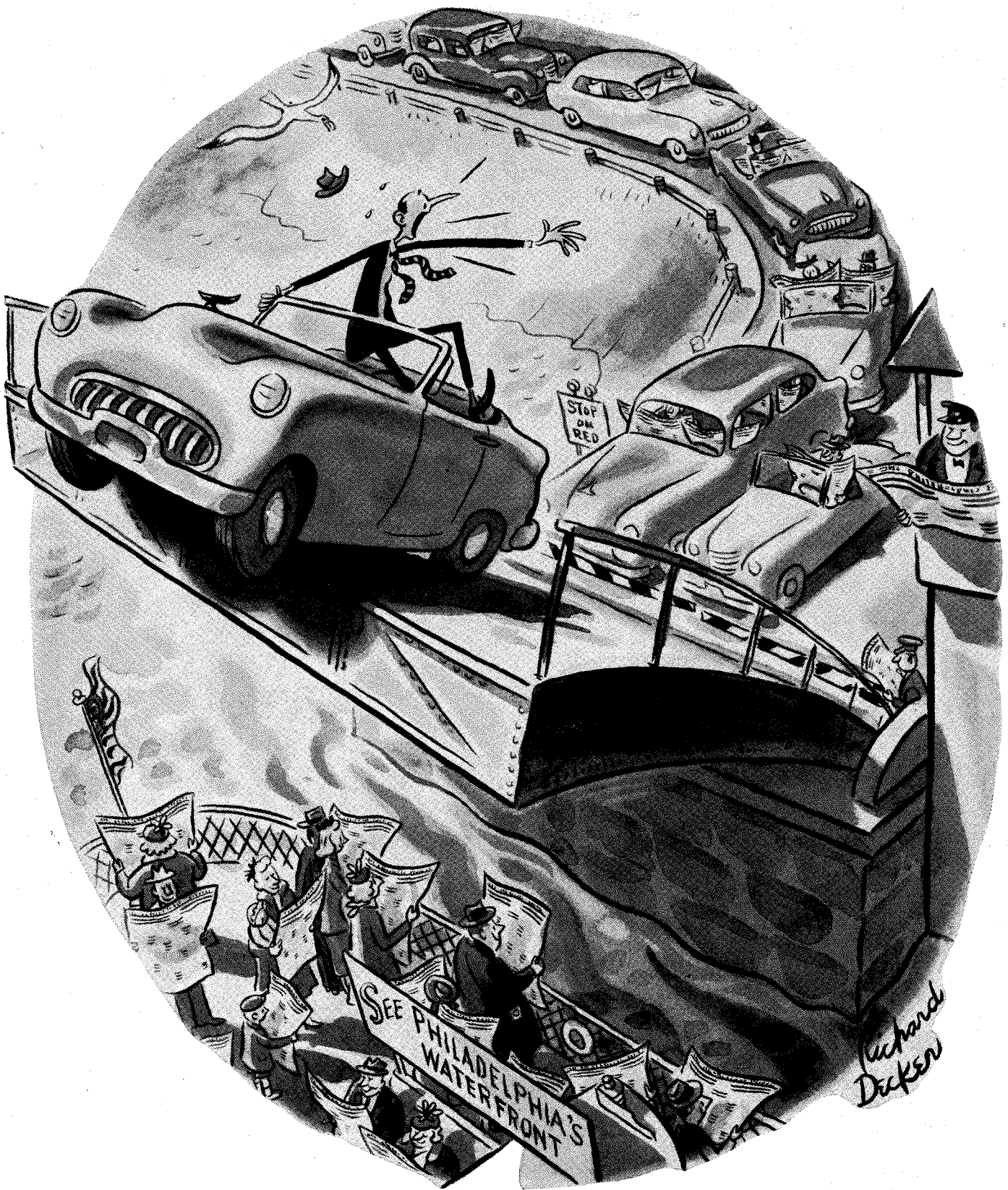
CONCERT SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—The Berkshire Quartet; Beveridge Webster, piano; and Paul Doktor, viola. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 5:30.)

WILHELM BACKHAUS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

KNICKERBOCKER CHAMBER PLAYERS—Conducted, in part, by Boris Koutzen, with poetry readings by David Allen and with Herbert Feldman, viola. The fourth in a series of six programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

MUSICIANS' GUILD—The Kroll Quartet; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and Artur Balsam, piano; with Beveridge Webster, piano. The third in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—Piano; the eleventh in a series of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:46.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:40.)

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8:45.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

MURRAY PHILLIPS—Folk singer. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park. W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Gold and Fizzdale will give a duo-piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 15, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

WNYC AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL—Among the programs of interest are: An all-première concert, performed by members of the Knickerbocker Chamber Players and presented by the New York College of Music. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.) ... ♪ Leon Barzin conducting the National Orchestral Association in a program under the auspices of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 5:30. Tickets for either of the above programs can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie's band, George Shearing's quintet, Erroll Garner's trio, Stan Getz, and Lester Young are among those likely to be on hand. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 11: Paul Andrews vs. Harold Johnson, light-heavyweights, 10 rounds. ... ♪ Friday, Feb. 18: Ezzard Charles vs. Charley Norkus, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 14-15.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 13, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. ... ♪ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

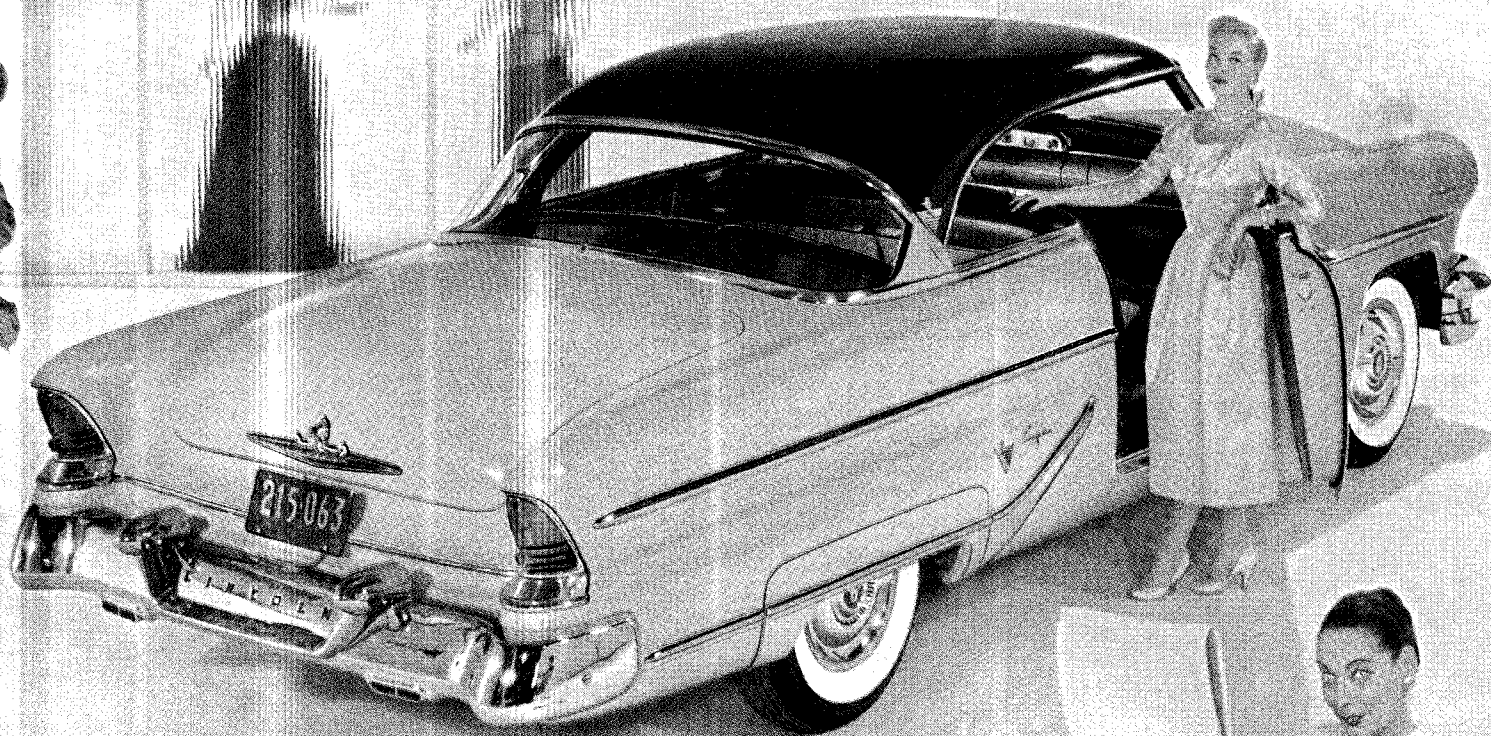
TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 12, at 7:30: New York Athletic Club. ... ♪ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 8: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with the Senior Chorus from the High School of Music and Art. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 11.) ... **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman directing, among other numbers, Ravel's opera for children, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" ("The Bewitched Child"), which will be sung in English and which will be presented as a shadow play by Oscar Brand. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAYS—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) ... **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "Raggedy Ann and Andy," a musical. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

DANCE—A program called "From Many Lands" that will include two story ballets ("Holiday in Israel" and "Tyrolean Wedding") performed by the Merry-Go-Rounders. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington



For those who are never satisfied with the ordinary

Lincoln is designed especially for those who have confidence in their own good taste—for those with the daring to appreciate the unusual, the distinctive.

For you will note in Lincoln a dramatic difference—not merely in over-all length (eleven and a half inches longer from head to tail-light)—or that lower, faster look. It's in the subtle sweep of line, curve of chrome, brilliance of styling. From the striking new front grille to the dual exhausts, this is the kind of beauty that depends on restrained lines,

straightforward design. But Lincoln's difference does not stop with distinctive beauty.

In performance, too, Lincoln delivers even more than might be expected of a fine car.

First, there's amazing Turbo-Drive. With no frustrating lag, no unpleasant jerk, new Turbo-Drive gives one unbroken sweep of silent power—through every speed range. To understand the difference, you must drive a new Lincoln. We can tell you about Lincoln's brand-new engine and the other revolutionary engineering changes. But, again, the real proof is in the driving.

So may we make a suggestion? See your Lincoln dealer. One drive in a Lincoln or Lincoln Capri will prove the vast difference between Lincoln and any other car.

LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

NEW 1955

LINCOLN

for modern living
for magnificent driving



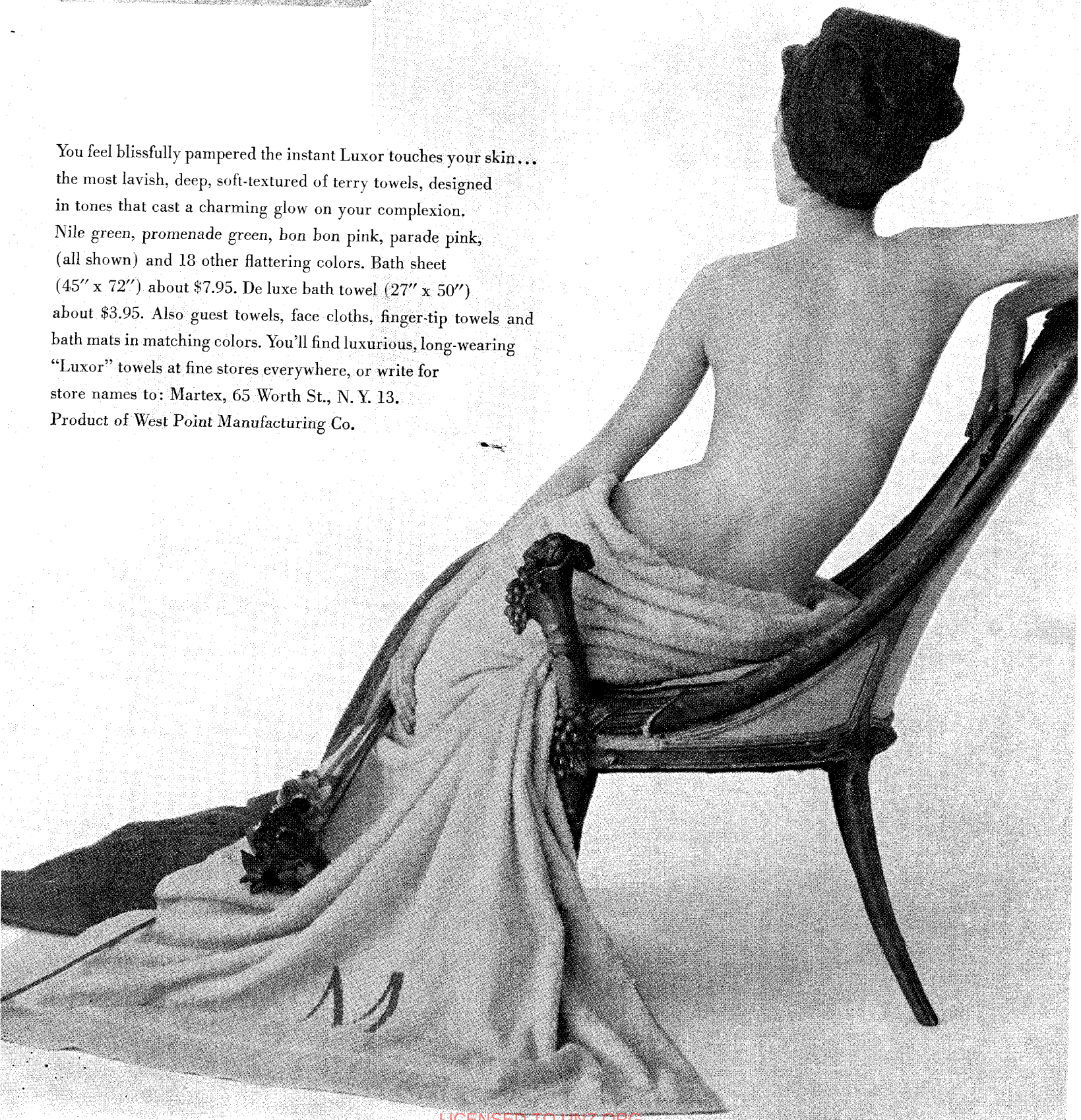
M

every bath's a beauty treatment with

A R T E X

incomparable "Luxor" towels

You feel blissfully pampered the instant Luxor touches your skin... the most lavish, deep, soft-textured of terry towels, designed in tones that cast a charming glow on your complexion. Nile green, promenade green, bon bon pink, parade pink, (all shown) and 18 other flattering colors. Bath sheet (45" x 72") about \$7.95. De luxe bath towel (27" x 50") about \$3.95. Also guest towels, face cloths, finger-tip towels and bath mats in matching colors. You'll find luxurious, long-wearing "Luxor" towels at fine stores everywhere, or write for store names to: Martex, 65 Worth St., N. Y. 13. Product of West Point Manufacturing Co.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2:40)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The February show, "From Here to Infinity," reveals the position of the earth in relation to our neighbor planets as well as to the farthest stars in the universe. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) ... ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present) in addition to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. ... ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

PROSE AND POETRY READINGS—Thursday, Feb. 10: Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," read by a company of actors that includes Martin Wolfson and Josh White, Jr. ... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 13: W. H. Auden reading Tudor and Elizabethan poetry to settings played by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19: Ogden Nash reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

MINIATURE RAILWAY—The hobby lobby called the New York Society of Model Engineers will begin its annual public airing of its newest fascinating toys on Friday, Feb. 11. (Lackawanna Railroad Terminal, Hoboken, N.J. Mondays through Fridays, 5:30 to 10; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Pictures, caricatures, costumes, and other mementos from Ethel Barrymore's stage career, which began in 1895, along with stills from "The Nightingale" (1914) and others of her motion pictures. ... ¶ A display of valentines ranging from the lacy types that became popular in the eighteen-forties to the more elaborate three-dimensional posies that were in style in the eighties; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 10-12, at 1:45: French and Venetian furniture, as well as some bamboo and rattan pieces; a series of six Gobelin tapestries (circa 1720) illustrating Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; French eighteenth-century paintings; table porcelains, among them Royal Worcester and Limoges; Victorian silver; and Chinese jades. From the collections of the late Elizabeth Stuyvesant Brown, Jean-Jacques Nicollier, and others. ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 1:45 and 8: Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century American books, broadsides, and newspapers, and English first editions of the same period, including Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" and Shakespeare's Second, Third, and Fourth Folios; from the estate of André de Coppet.



By appointment
purveyors of soap to the
late King George VI
Yardley & Co., Ltd., London

Yardley brings you a super-wetting Shaving Foam— London style

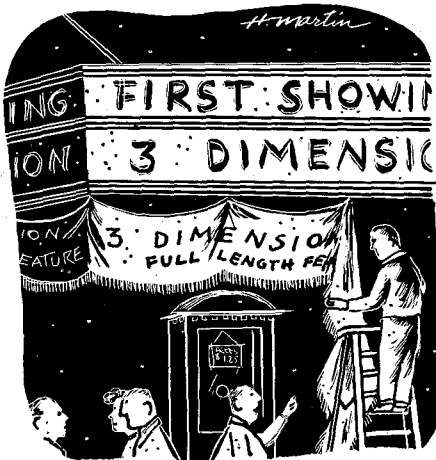
London is a man's town, and Yardley Shaving Foam is London's response to the need for a finer pressure shave. It possesses an exclusive super-wetting action which wilts the beard in wondrous fashion. It stays moist and alive throughout the shave. Tests show that Yardley's

distinguished pressure cream should cut shaving time by half. At all fine shops, \$1. After Shaving Lotion, \$1.10 and \$1.50 plus tax; After Shower Powder, \$1.10 plus tax; Shaving Bowl, \$1.25. Makers and distributors for U.S.A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



ANIMAL FARM—The Orwell satire on totalitarian ways, presented in an English cartoon film that sometimes makes its animals too lovable for the context. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK—Spencer Tracy playing a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters by inquiring after an aged Japanese farmer. Fairly suspenseful, and well enacted by Mr. Tracy and his colleagues, among them Robert Ryan, Dean Jagger, Walter Brennan, and Ernest Borgnine. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

CARMEN JONES—Bizet's opera done in what is supposed to be an American Negro idiom. Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the book and lyrics, serves up some pretty dubious corn-pone-and-chitlin dialogue, but the picture offers an inflammatory Carmen in the person of Dorothy Dandridge. The singing for the most part is done off screen by Marilyn Horne, LeVern Hutcherson, and Marvin Hayes; Pearl Bailey, on the other hand, does her own vocalizing, and does a good job of it, too. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; ... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 12; ... Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 12-14.)

THE COUNTRY GIRL—A fine adaptation of Clifford Odets' play about a broken-down actor who is hauled out of the abyss by his wife and a stage director. Bing Crosby is superb as the actor, and Grace Kelly and William Holden are not far behind him. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

GATE OF HELL—Thirteenth-century Japan is the scene of this beautiful, highly dramatic film, which was made in the Orient and offers some very artful acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE HEART OF THE MATTER—The short and sinful life of a policeman in Africa, whose difficulties are caused by an oversupply of pity. An adaptation of the Graham Greene novel that is lively enough, even if its motivations are obscure. Trevor Howard is the pity-stricken policeman, and Elizabeth Allan and Maria Schell are cast as his wife and his mistress, respectively. They are all most persuasive. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 15.)

HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA—A lively explanation of how movie scripts get written. A French film directed by Julien Duvivier and numbering in its cast Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegard Neff. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

ON THE WATERFRONT—A really powerful interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. The picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted; neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Feb. 11; ... Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Feb. 13.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—A strikingly handsome film,

made in Italy with an English cast and directed by Renato Castellani. The only trouble is that the young actors who play the lovers—Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall—can't handle the Shakespearean lines terribly well. Much of the text has been cut, which is too bad, but the picture does move along briskly. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE YELLOW BALLOON—Andrew Ray, the boy who helped make "The Mudlark" memorable, turns in another good performance, this time as a youngster who is accidentally involved in the death of a playmate and blackmailed thereafter by a murderous but persuasive crook. William Sylvester is admirable as the crook, and Kathleen Ryan and Kenneth More make worthy parents for Master Ray. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 12-14.)

REVIVALS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Feb. 15.)

A NOUS, LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair deals, to very good effect, with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 11.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 16.)

THE BIG DAY (1952)—A French film, originally known as "Jour de Fête," about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 16.)

CAMILLE (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing deli-

cately and looking fragile. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 11, tentative.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 12-16.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. A British film. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 12.)

JULIUS CAESAR (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Feb. 16.)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon de Wilde again have the leading roles. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Feb. 11; ... Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Feb. 13.)

NOTORIOUS (1946)—Hitchcock's spy tour of Brazil. With Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 12-16.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—That famous Russian job. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Feb. 10.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 11, tentative.)

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER (1948)—Something about Colonial Ohio, with Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum wearing the costumes. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Feb. 11.)

SARATOGA TRUNK (1945)—Edna Ferber's story concerning love in New Orleans and railroads in upper New York. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 16.)

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (1940)—English stage people. A British picture, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 12.)

VIVA ZAPATA! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 13-14.)

A WOMAN'S FACE (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Feb. 14-15.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Feb. 13: "Joyless Street" (1924), with Greta Garbo. ... Starting Feb. 14: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a documentary film, directed by Robert Flaherty. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
IN THE SECTION ABOVE

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Bridges at Toko-Ri." William Holden, Grace Kelly, Fredric March.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Battle Cry" (in CinemaScope), Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, Mona Freeman.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (in CinemaScope).

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Racers" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi.

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Long Gray Line" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE COUNTRY GIRL.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Feb. 11: "Cattle Queen of Montana," Barbara Stanwyck, Ronald Reagan.
From Feb. 12: "The Far Country," James Stewart, Ruth Roman.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Underwater!" (in Superscope), Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Feb. 11: "The Violent Men" (in CinemaScope), Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck.

From Feb. 12: "Sign of the Pagan" (in CinemaScope), Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, Ludmilla Tcherna.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Feb. 16: "Unchained," Elroy Hirsch, Barbara Hale.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Mademoiselle Gobbette" (in Italian), Silvana Pampanini.

The answer woman

Answering a completely off-beat question may provide the germ of a great advertisement or an adroit advertising plan. Not long ago, for instance:

An art director at Campbell-Ewald asked what Nero wore when Rome burned, because it was important to the creation of a compelling ad;

A television man asked what a "kissing bridge" was, so he could film a commercial;

A chap in the research department asked for the estimated Gross National Product for 1955, to assist in preparing a prospectus.

And they each got the right answer. They turned to Miss Treat.

Miss Treat runs Campbell-Ewald's library. In fact, it's safe to say that Miss Treat is the library. She created it and she nurtured it, until now—as far as we've ever been able to determine—it is one of the most complete agency libraries west of the Hudson; better than most of those east of the Hudson.

We prove that to ourselves every day,

but probably the most satisfactory proof of the claim lies in the constant and increasing use our clients have made of this library over the years.

Miss Treat has an answer for everything—the answer. Like the time a copy writer sought the origin and meaning of "wheels within wheels." Origin was easy: "Ezekiel" in the *Old Testament*. Miss Treat found the meaning buried deep in John Calvin's *Works*.

Miss Treat is our own private oracle, and in a highly skilled creative agency an oracle is a handy person to have around.

Much of the information she provides is prosaic, albeit vital. The media department wants circulation figures, account executives want competitive advertising files from years past, or tear-sheets of ads from a field in which we're seeking new business, or market data, or references from Dun & Bradstreet, or any of a hundred other items. They all turn to Miss Treat.

Who knows when the research depart-

ment, the media department, or one of our other offices, may seek the solution to some problem that can be solved only by intensive and exacting library research? And who knows where a lively, inquisitive art director or copy writer may hang his hat when he takes off on the creation of an ad?

At Campbell-Ewald, everyone connected with creating advertising—and that's everyone—always seeks the new, shares an enthusiasm in his quest for the forceful and dramatic in advertising that isn't forestalled by mere inability to locate information.

Miss Treat sees to that. Her versatile assistance is essential—as much so as account executives, production men, researchers, art directors and copy writers—to the creation of readable, persuasive advertising that this agency insists upon for its clients.

A good library complements a good agency. Campbell-Ewald counts itself fortunate to have one of the foremost agency librarians in the United States—Miss Treat.

CAMPBELL-EWALD Advertising

Detroit • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles
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This Week Magazine shares the power and prestige of these 35 great newspapers which distribute it.

THE BALTIMORE SUNDAY SUN, THE BIRMINGHAM NEWS, BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD, THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS, DES MOINES SUNDAY REGISTER, THE DETROIT NEWS, THE HOUSTON POST, THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR, THE JACKSONVILLE FLORIDA TIMES-UNION, LOS ANGELES TIMES, THE MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL APPEAL, MIAMI DAILY NEWS, THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS SUNDAY TRIBUNE, THE NEW ORLEANS-TIMES-PICAYUNE

The written message is the one that **LIVES**

It didn't matter what had become of that original piece of crude paper upon which A. Lincoln had written the message that began: "Fourscore and seven years ago. . . ." Sensing the impermanence of spoken words, Lincoln himself declared: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here. . . ." But his words were caught and preserved for all time by the newspaper presses of the nation.

Nor did it matter that the singing words of Homer, his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, were spoken from memory, for there were scribes who wrote them down and kept them fresh and living for all mankind.

Yes, the written message, and chiefly the printed message, is the one that lives. But more than that, the written message is tangible as well as permanent. You can return again and again to it, study it, clip it out, pass it on to others.

Without wishing to profane Lincoln's glorious words, or the ancient classics, This Week Magazine asks you to consider the proposition that the written message is the one that lives in terms of advertising.

The printed page, rich in detail, exact in its message, can be studied by the reader . . . not fifteen seconds, not a minute—but for an hour if the reader so wishes.

But, more importantly, from the psychological point of view, the printed advertisement is a message read willingly. When Mrs. Smith sits down with her magazine or newspaper, she is asking to be sold; she wants to know about the new cake mix. And Mr. Brown wants to study the features of the new cars.

This Week, America's most widely read magazine, pays distinct homage to the other media for their massive and ceaseless services to our nation. But This Week asks you, the advertiser, the merchant, the businessman, the financier, to remember that the written message is the one that lives . . . lives not only in terms of time, but in reality, clarity, memorability. This Week wishes to remind you of the basic wisdom of building your advertising campaigns around visual, printed media. In other words, if you want your message to work and to *last*, put it in print *first*.

Your messages in This Week will LIVE
in 11,000,000 homes throughout America!

This Week
MAGAZINE

STATES, NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, NORFOLK VIRGINIAN-PILOT, THE PHILADELPHIA SUNDAY BULLETIN, THE PHOENIX ARIZONA REPUBLIC, THE PITTSBURGH PRESS, PORTLAND OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL, PROVIDENCE SUNDAY JOURNAL, RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH, ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE, ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT, THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE, SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS AND SUNDAY NEWS, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, THE SPOKANE SPOKESMAN-REVIEW, THE WASHINGTON SUNDAY STAR, THE WICHITA SUNDAY EAGLE



Superglow Face Powder

an entirely new concept of face powder which gives a natural luminosity to the wearer by reflecting light rays instead of absorbing them.

"Lumium" is the new chemical product of our research laboratories which enters into the mixing of this amazing face powder and which gives the complexion a new, more intense glow designed to make you look younger and more beautiful.

In ten exquisite shades to match all different skin tones.

Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AUCTIONS are rarely as much fun as we expect them to be. The trouble is that they rouse such contrary emotions in us. We feel a keen delight at the prospect of picking up for a song a print or figurine that we have long coveted but haven't been able to afford, and we feel an equally keen dismay at the prospect of taking part in what proves, little by little, lot by lot, a wake. For nothing dear goes cheap except for a sorry reason. If bargains are to be had, it is likely to be because someone or something has died. The crowd is in carnival humor, the auctioneer's cajoling chant mounts higher and



higher; we catch sight of a ghost behind the block and swallow our bid. Maybe the person is dead who loved what we are now offered so conspicuously stripped of love, bearing a smudged ticket, to bring what it will. (Objects of vertu from the estate of a lady of quality.) Maybe it isn't a person who has died but the love a person has felt for certain possessions, which have lately begun to bore him. (How can one not tire at last of collecting the masks of such-and-such a period, the novels of Mr. So-and-So?) Or maybe what is dead is only that calculable and intransigent thing, the profit motive; because people have failed to keep an enterprise in business on its own terms, nothing is left but to go out of it on theirs.

This last death was the one that lay behind the auction held at Wanamaker's last week. We attended the session on Wednesday afternoon, when the weather took pains to match the desolate event; a million white ghosts sifted down onto the roof of the vast, nearly empty

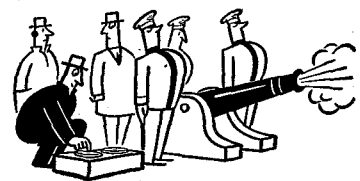
building on Astor Place, and gusts from the river rattled the unwashed windows. The auction, conducted by Parke-Bernet, was held in order to dispose of what two stout catalogues described as closing inventories—the china, glass, silver, furniture, electrical appliances, and other merchandise that the store had on hand when it closed in December. The auction took place on the sixth floor, and a few old employees were stationed about the building to run the elevators and stand guard over the goods on sale. On most of the fifteen floors, one could see only wastes of uncarpeted concrete, skeletons of clothing racks, and the shadowy caves of shelves. A sign had been left on one of the stationery counters—"Humorous Birthdays."

When we arrived, a couple of hundred people were seated ~~on~~ folding chairs in one corner of the sixth floor and the auctioneer was starting bids on Lot No. 1711. The number appalled us, and we looked ahead to the end of the second catalogue; there were fifty-five hundred and four lots in all, starting with "Nineteen White Embroidered and Lace-Bordered Ladies' Handkerchiefs" and winding up with "Cocktail Table, Blond Finish." "Last call and fair warning," the auctioneer chanted. "Thirty-five, thirty-five, do I hear forty, make it forty. Forty I have. Make it forty-five. Last call and fair warning. Going at forty-five." This time, the humor of the crowd was far from carnival. Middle-aged men and women in overcoats and galoshes, they sat there neither gaily nor sadly but merely grimly, with the air of being bound to reach that one blond cocktail table dead or alive. We moved restlessly from place to place; wherever we went, the chant of the auctioneer followed us through loudspeakers. In the panelled rooms of the antiques department, jammed any which way with pine desks, maple side chairs, gilded mirrors, andirons, bedsteads, and chests of drawers, it was easy to feel that not a store but a house was

going under the hammer. Outside was the snow and the cold, and inside was what? Why, the end of an enterprise that had flourished here for a long time, and now no longer flourished here, and was cutting its losses while the cutting was good. Nevertheless, we felt sad about it. We sniffed mortality in the still, used air, and as the auctioneer's metallic voice went on, "Fifty, will you make it sixty, do I hear sixty, do I hear fifty-five," we picked up from where it had been overturned on the floor the painted armchair of some long-forgotten child and set it firmly on its four feet in a safe place against the wall.

Boom!

THROUGH a combination of good fortune and good management, we came to be in the vicinity of West Point on a recent sub-freezing day when an antique cannon from the United States Military Academy's collection was fired off, so that its sound, which



was put on tape, could be dubbed into a recording of Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" that is to be issued later this year by the Mercury Record Corporation. "You see, documentation is our watchword," David Hall, music director of Mercury's classical recordings, had told us some days earlier, in the course of a warm, indoor, midtown conversation, which was what led to our being present at the cannonading. "We try to put things on the record in every sense of the word. As you may know, the '1812 Overture' was written in commemoration of the Battle of Borodino and Napoleon's retreat from Russia, and it's scored for bells and cannon, among other things—a clangor of bells



"Oh, but you're wrong, Mr. Jackson. Money can buy happiness."

during the Russian hymn 'God, Preserve Thy People' and a total of sixteen cannon shots, five during the 'Marseillaise' and eleven during the Czarist anthem at the triumphant end. The overture was written to be performed outdoors, with real bells and cannon. Well, when we decided to do it, we started off by getting Antal Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony to play the music, and simply omitted the bells and cannon. Then we began shopping around for authentic sounds—not sound effects—to add. For bells, we lined up the Harkness Tower chimes, at Yale. We didn't need skilled ringers; the score calls for the typical Russian carillon pattern, which consists of first the little bells, very fast, then the medium ones, more slowly, and, finally, the big ones, adding to the general uproar. We just moved our recording truck up to New Haven, recruited a few Yale students

to ring the bells, and let fly. We got a marvellously victorious-sounding racket. Then we tackled the cannon question. It had to be a Napoleonic cannon, of course. More modern ones use smokeless powder and go 'Crack!' It takes an old muzzle-loader, using large-grained black powder and having a large bore, to go 'Boom!' After some trials and tribulations, West Point said they could fix us up. We asked for a location that would reverberate, and they said, 'Sure, up above the stadium.' They added that old ordnance is ticklish to fire; if it's not carefully inspected first, it might blow up."

With Mr. Hall's words reverberating in our brain, we arrived at the appointed spot, a hill-enclosed but windy eminence, and there found a cluster of people and cars in and out of olive drab, one of the olive-drab cars being an Army ambulance. We soon ran across Hall,

and he introduced us to C. R. Fine, of Fine Sound, Inc., who was doing Mercury's technical work; Master Sergeant Hugh O'Reilly, of the West Point public-information staff; Gerald C. Stowe, curator of the West Point Museum, who had arranged to have the cannon brought from Trophy Point for the day; and William Decker, driver of Mr. Fine's recording truck.

"We don't need to fire sixteen rounds," said Mr. Hall, puffing out steam and knocking his hands together. "All we want is one perfect 'Boom!' and we can dub it in sixteen times. This cold weather will make for acoustics just like in Russia in 1812. Documentation."

Sticking our head into the recording truck, we saw Mr. Fine fiddling with a good many dials. "Let's see—we ought to get around a hundred and forty decibels," he was muttering. "Well above the human pain threshold. Great, if it doesn't blow out the tape." We left the truck, and noticed that Sergeant O'Reilly had caught Mr. Decker glancing apprehensively at the ambulance. "Just a standard precaution under post regulations, old man," said O'Reilly, giving Decker a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "The cannon barrel's been carefully inspected and cleaned in the ordnance shop, and even X-rayed for possible cracks." Decker looked somewhat happier.

We set out in search of the cannon, and found it on a bare spot a hundred yards away, hovered over by Mr. Stowe and a crew of ordnance men. It was an extremely handsome piece, about six feet long, with a fleur-de-lis and the words "Strasbourg, 1761" engraved near the breech. It was standing on a wooden sled mount, its original carriage having long since rotted away. Stowe told us that it weighed six hundred and thirty-four pounds and was a six-pounder, meaning that it had fired six-pound cannon balls. "At first, we were going to supply a four-pounder from our collection, but we found out that Napoleon didn't use four-pounders unless he got desperate," said Stowe. "So far as we know, this is one of two hundred bronze cannon that Silas Deane purchased in France in 1776 for the use of the American Army during the Revolution. Same type Napoleon had. Look at those fellows work." Stowe indicated the ordnance crew, which was going about its task of stuffing black gunpowder and wet newspaper wadding into the cannon with unusual spirit. He had a gleam in his eye, too. "There's something about being around unused old cannon all the time that's frustrating," he said. "I'll bet this baby hasn't

been fired for a hundred and fifty years."

"Notice how they're using the *Times* for wadding, to get added resonance," remarked Sergeant O'Reilly, who had joined us.

All being ready, the ordnance crew signalled to the sound truck, from which Hall and Fine signalled back to go ahead. An ordnance man removed a Band-Aid that had covered the cannon's touchhole, replaced it with a foot-long fuse, and lit the fuse. When it began to spark, everyone, ourself included, backed nonchalantly toward the sound truck. Presently, the cannon went off, deafening us for a few seconds, and spewing out flame and fragments of the *Times*.

"No, no!" Hall shouted from the truck. "Not enough decibels! Not enough reverb! Double the charge and fire again!"

The ordnance men conferred among themselves briefly, then began reloading, using two pounds of powder instead of one. "It's O.K., but we're at the critical point," Stowe told us. "She won't handle any more."

As the fuse was lighted this time, we all backed up almost to the sound truck. When the "Boom!" came, the cannon leaped an inch or so off its mount.

Hall leaned out of the truck, his thumb and forefinger joined in a circle. "A hundred and forty decibels!" he cried. "We've got it!"

"Good!" said Decker. "I don't want to become the last casualty of Borodino."

LEGALISTIC INTELLIGENCE: The committees for 1955 of the Section of Taxation of the American Bar Association are the Advisory Committee of Past Section Chairmen, the Appellate Procedure Committee, the Committee on Appointments to the Tax Court, the Committee on Bureau Practice and Procedure, the Committee on Coöperation with State and Local Bar Association Tax Groups, and the Committee on Committees.

Rich Vapors

SEVERAL weeks ago, we published an account of that supreme achievement in Miami Beach, the Fontainebleau Hotel (pronounced "Fountainblue"). We have since tardily discovered that even before the hotel opened, in late December, it had been immortalized in verse. Maybe "immortalized" is a bit too strong; what we mean to say is that the Fontainebleau

is the subject of a poem in an extraordinary book entitled "Miami Beach in Rhyme." This stout volume, brought out last fall by the Meador Publishing Company, is the work of a Boston, Miami Beach, and Hendersonville, North Carolina, poet named Irving Zieman, who at a single blow has established himself as one of the most ambitious figures in the entire history of English prosody. For what Mr. Zieman has attempted to do is not a spondee less than to compile a guidebook to Miami Beach in the form of several hundred short poems, which describe most of the important hotels and streets in town, provide brief biographies of the town's chief founders, and comment bitterly, as poets will, on the human predicament not only in that singular outpost of civilization but in the world at large. The poem about the Fontaine-

bleau is a fair sample of Mr. Zieman's lofty purpose and colloquial style. It goes:

By the ocean, by the Creek, dominating
Collins Avenue,
Is the steadily rising, circular Fontaine-
bleau.

Twelve acres of garden on tropical
grounds,
Without terraces, slopes, or filled-in
mounds.

Cabanas will stretch an eighth of a mile,
With the sun as you want it, full-face or
profile.

A night-club, eight restaurants, three or
four bars,

Indoors, in the sun, or under the stars.

Magnificent the buildings covering our
land.

But never can we create a grain of sand.

Mr. Zieman always keeps a sharp eye out for the eternal verities; he also has a sentimental regard for some of



"Play set or no play set, he has two Navy destroyers waiting in mid-ocean for further orders."

the hotels and pools—one gathers that the words are used interchangeably in Miami Beach—that were built way back in the unsophisticated forties. Here is a characteristic encomium:

Though this is one of the older pools,
Few are more lovely than Versailles that
cools.

When sunshine is hot, the trees, sea and
sky
Invite one to swim as the hours go by.

At the Versailles gay bottles are displayed
in the lobby;

They try to make drinking your special
hobby.

Men must have "spirits" as a possible es-
cape,

Elephants do on hay, bananas satisfy the
ape.

The reader who fears that the poet may have been too easy on himself and settled for the first image or rhyme that came to mind must admit that "bananas satisfy the ape" is, in its vivid unexpectedness, worthy of a Yeats. Moreover, the poet's intention is not merely to give delight but to instruct. Briskly, if not always precisely, he tells us where to go:

And now let's visit the Dade Road section,
With its higher advertised attraction,
The Boulevard Bar has space to spare,
Some single drinkers would like to pair.
Workers in night-clubs here make gay
And traveling performers find rooms to
stay.

The name of one owner is "cute-faced
Yankle"

And his singing partner, gathers in the
sheckle.

He issues timely warnings

Cheaply made sunglasses on your child
May result in a sunburn far from mild.
The rays of light from glass reflection
Can permanently mar a delicate complex-
ion,

Forming freckles that last for life—
Let every father inform his wife.

and gives advice on prices

From First to Sixteenth, hotel and hotel—
At a medium rental they seem to do well
and traffic

Sixty-third Street has two bridges over
Indian Creek,

Detouring traffic from Collins where haz-
ards are at a peak.

And between the two bridges a hospital
stands,

Saint Francis serving the Beach's de-
mands.

and is not above scolding the permanent
residents

"Another tourist!" they say in disgust,
But live here a year and you're upper
crust.

The climax of the book is a twelve-page poem recounting the life of Carl Fisher, the man ("richer than a mine-owning Brazilian") who pumped the site of

Miami Beach out of the sea and eventu-
ally died broke:

With pennies left he walked to the store
for food,
And he spent many hours in reflective
mood.

The oleander and hibiscus bloomed,
The city was fair—its builder doomed.

We put in a telephone call to Mr. Zieman in Boston and were lucky enough to find him at home. He told us that he was just getting ready to go down to Miami Beach. A retired building contractor, Mr. Zieman wrote his first poem in June, 1949, when three nieces of his graduated from high school. He was born in Russia, came to this country when he was fifteen, and learned English by spelling out Arthur Brisbane's editorials in the *Boston American*. "In the first decade of this century, the atmosphere of Boston was saturated with culture," he said. "I breathed it in as a chef may breathe in nourishment from the rich vapors about him." Mr. Zieman is a member of the Vivian Roeder Poetry Group, which divides its time between Miami and Hendersonville. "There are about sixty of us in the group and we work hard at our poetry," he said. "I've finished seven hundred and fifty poems so far, and I'm adding to the total all the time. I don't see that it does anyone else harm, and it does me good." What does Miami Beach think of his book, we asked. Mr. Zieman chuckled over long distance. "That's what I'm going down there to find out," he said.

Suspect

WE'VE known for a long time an undistinguished-looking chap who likes to look the way he does and makes no effort to look otherwise, and whose hobby is attending opening nights. He goes to them alone, in a gray sack suit, and he goes not in order to watch celebrities, or to identify himself with them, but simply because he prefers to see a play before he's read or heard anything about it and because he enjoys the general air of excitement. Well, the other night he turned up at the opening of "Plain and Fancy" and discovered he'd left his ticket at home. He explained this to the lady at the ticket window and told her the exact location of his seat, but she was unimpressed. He was about to give up when another undistinguished-looking man in a gray sack suit leaned over his shoulder and spoke to

the box-office lady. "I'll vouch for him," the man said. "He's O.K." The lady immediately gave our friend a piece of paper that passed him inside, but by the time he turned around, his benefactor had disappeared. At the first intermission, our friend looked about for him, found him, and thanked him. "Oh, forget it," the man said. "I've been watching you for quite a while now and I know you're on the up-and-up." Our friend asked if he was connected with the theatre. "In a way," the man said. "I'm on the pickpocket squad. Been attending openings for years. You get to know all the faces. I kept my eye on you for a long time, but then I decided you were O.K."

Mattress Dinner

WELL, things are hopping. "Charles P. Rogers, about to become 100 years young," a recent mis-sive on our desk read, "cordially invites you to attend The Dinner Party of the Century to quaff from The Fountain of Youth and catch an exclusive glimpse of the world's first Time Saver Mattress. . . . The Biltmore Hotel. . . . Rejuvenator cocktails 6:30 P.M. Dinner of the Century 7:30 P.M." We got over in time for a rejuvenator bourbon on ice, and found ourself in the Biltmore's Music Room, where tables were set for seventy or eighty. "Mattress-industry notables," a Rogers public-relations notable explained to us, and introduced us to Rogers' president, Sims Read. "We're celebrating our one-hundredth anniversary with this new mattress," Mr. Read said. "The company has had only three presidents: Charles P. Rogers; his nephew, W. O. Rogers; and me. I took over in 1937. I was manufacturing white-oak staves for whiskey barrels in the mountains of Tennessee at the time—I'm from Chattanooga—but someone told me about this company in New York that was in difficulties. Frankly, the president was seventy-six and the company was sunk. Now we're doing a business in the millions. We furnish bedding to the Waldorf, the St. Regis, and so forth, and we're in most of the department stores."

"Are you sleeping too little and aging too fast?" the Rogers public-relations man demanded, eying us sharply. "If so, you will bless the Rogers Rejuvenator Mattress—that is, if you get one. It offers more rest with less sleep for busy moderns who are too busy to sleep enough."

"How?" we asked.

"Spyrofil Floating Support," he said. "Three layers of springs, instead of the





"How much longer do you expect to sit there and wait for the right man to come along?"

usual one. Covered in modern, fresh-as-a-daisy ticking. Assures you the softness you like, *plus* the firmness you need. Helps you sleep faster, wake refreshed, and live to be a happy hundred."

"How fast?" we asked.

"Well, it's so new it hasn't been established," he said. "We believe it can get a good night's sleep down to six hours."

The public-relations man handed us a batch of promotional literature, which stated, in part, that it had taken the company a hundred years to perfect the Rejuvenator. This struck us as slow going, and we shed a fresh-as-a-daisy tear for Presidents C. P. and W. O. Rogers, who died, frustrated non-centenarians, before their dream came true.

We sat down next to Mr. Robert Hurst, of Hardwicke House, a furniture store in White Plains, consulted an engraved menu, and plunged into a sequence of appropriately named dishes: "Fruits Ponce de Leon, Olives jeune

[sic] et vieux [sic], 100-year-old Bird's Nest Consommé, Filet Mignon ancien, Sauce Methusaleh [sic], Champignons centurion [sic], Café vénérable." "We have always found Rogers mattresses an awfully good line of bedding," Mr. Hurst said.

"The trick is to stay open after six," another mattress notable said. "Husband comes home, wife says she has seen this new mattress. 'Darling, if you like it, buy it,' he says. She goes out after supper and buys it. Otherwise, she feels guilty. So stay open till nine o'clock."

The man at our other side said, "Rogers once built a heart-shaped mattress for Saint Valentine's Day. I believe it was bought by a famous courtesan."

A man across from us said, "Howard Hughes had a circular bed developed for him so he wouldn't ever get out of the wrong side of the bed."

Mr. Read rose at the dais table and said, "Our company has survived four

major wars and many depressions, although well-nigh upset at one time. We welcome you."

Mr. A. H. Thiemann, a vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company and secretary of the Hundred Year Association of New York, presented Mr. Read with a certificate accepting the Rogers company into the Association. "Bedding is often underestimated," he said.

No question about it.

Viewpoint

A MEMBER of the Vassar Club of Boston (Class of '28) has been telling her friends that she was having a fine time at a recent meeting of the club, and was particularly pleased to see that so many husbands had turned up, when a member sitting on her left (Class of '53) said to her, in the friendliest way, "Isn't it nice that so many of the fathers are here?"

NO STARCH IN THE DHOTI, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT

Paris—the young Jawaharlal's British nurse used to

UP until recently, I had always believed that nobody on earth could deliver a throwaway line with quite the sang-froid of a certain comedian I worked for in Hollywood during the thirties. You probably don't recall the chap, but his hallmark was a big black mustache, a cigar, and a loping gait, and his three brothers, also in the act, impersonated with varying degrees of success a mute, an Italian, and a clean-cut boy. My respect for Julio (to cloak his identity partially) stemmed from a number of pearls that fell from his lips during our association, notably one inspired by an argument over dietary customs. We were having dinner at an off-Broadway hotel, in the noisiest locale imaginable outside the annual fair at Nizhnii-Novgorod. There were at least a dozen people in the party—lawyers, producers, agents, brokers, astrologers, tipsters, and various assorted sycophants—for, like all celebrated theatrical personages, my man liked to travel with a retinue. The dining room was jammed, some paid-up ghoul from Local 802 was interpreting the "Habenera" on an electric organ over the uproar, and, just to insure dyspepsia, a pair of adagio dancers were flinging themselves with abandon in and out of our food. I was seated next to Julio, who was discoursing learnedly to me on his favorite subject, anatomical deviations among show-girls. Halfway through the meal, we abruptly became aware of a dispute across the table between several of our companions.

"It is *not* just religious!" one was declaring hotly. "They knew a damn sight more about hygiene than you think in those Biblical days!"

"That still don't answer my question!" shouted the man he had addressed. "If they allow veal and mutton and beef, why do they forbid pork?"

"Because it's unclean, you dummy," the other rasped. "I'm trying to tell you—the pig is an unclean animal!"

"What's that?" demanded Julio, his voice slicing through the altercation. "The pig an unclean animal?" He rose

from his chair and repeated the charge to be certain everyone within fifty feet was listening. "The pig an unclean animal? Why, the pig is the cleanest animal there is—except my father, of course." And dropped like a falcon back into his chow mein.

As I say, I'd gone along for years considering Julio preëminent in tossing off this kind of grenade, and then one Sunday, a few weeks ago, in the *Times* Magazine, I stumbled across an item that leaves no doubt he has been deposited. The new champ is Robert Trumbull, the former Indian correspondent of the paper and a most affable bird with whom I once spent an afternoon crawling around the Qutb Minar, outside New Delhi. In the course of an article called "Portrait of a Symbol Named Nehru," Mr. Trumbull had the following to say: "Nehru is accused of having a congenital distaste for Americans because of their all too frequent habit of bragging and of being patronizing when in unfamiliar surroundings. It is said that in the luxurious and gracious house of his father, the late Pandit Motilal Nehru—who sent his laundry to

make caustic remarks to the impressionable boy about the table manners of his father's American guests."

IT was, of course, the utter nonchalance of the phrase "who sent his laundry to Paris" that knocked me galley-west. Obviously, Trumbull wasn't referring to one isolated occasion; he meant that the Pandit made a practice of consigning his laundry to the post, the way one used to under the academic elms. But this was no callow sophomore shipping his wash home to save money. A man willful and wealthy enough to have it shuttled from one hemisphere to another could hardly have been prompted by considerations of thrift. He must have been a consummate perfectionist, a fussbudget who wanted every last pleat in order, and, remembering my own Homeric wrangles with laundrymen just around the corner, I blenched at the complications his overseas dispatch must have entailed. Conducted long before there was any air service between India and Europe, it would have involved posting the stuff by sea—a minimum of three weeks in each direction, in addition to the time it took for processing. Each trip would have created problems of customs examination, valuation, duty (unless

Nehru senior got friends to take it through for him, which was improbable; most people detest transporting laundry across the world, even their own). The old gentleman had evidently had a limitless wardrobe, to be able to dispense with portions of it for three months at a time.

The major headache, as I saw it, though, would have been coping with the *blanchisseur* himself. How did Pandit Motilal get any service or redress out of him at such long range? There were the countless vexations that always arise: the missing sock, the half-pulverized button, the insistence on petrifying everything with starch despite the most detailed instructions. The more I thought about it, the clearer it became that he must have been embroiled in an unending correspondence with the laundry owner. I suggest, accordingly, that while the exact nature





"I think we can cut down on the attar of roses."

of his letters can only be guessed at, it might be useful—or, by the same token, useless—to reconstruct a few, together with the replies they evoked. Even if they accomplish nothing else, they should help widen the breach between East and West.

ALLAHABAD,
UNITED PROVINCES,
JUNE 7, 1903

Pleurniche et Cie.,
124, Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris
MY DEAR M. PLEURNICHE:

You may be interested to learn—though I doubt that anything would stir you out of your vegetable torpor—that your pompous, florid, and illiterate scrawl of the 27th arrived here with insufficient postage, forcing me to disgorge one rupee three annas to the mailman. How symbolic of your character, how magnificently consistent! Not content with impugning the quality of the cambric in my drawers, you contrive to make me *pay* for the insult. That transcends mere nastiness, you know. If an international award for odium is ever projected, have no fear of the outcome as far as India is concerned. You can rely on my support.

And à propos of symbols, there is

something approaching genius in the one that graces your letterhead, the golden fleece. Could any trademark be more apt for a type who charges six francs to wash a cummerbund? I realize that appealing to your sense of logic is like whistling an aria to the deaf, but I paid half that for it originally, and the Muslim who sold it to me was the worst thief in the bazaar. Enlighten me, my dear fellow, since I have never been a tradesman myself—what passes through your head when you mulct a customer in this outrageous fashion? Is it glee? Triumph? Self-approbation at the cunning with which you have swindled your betters? I ask altogether without malice, solely from a desire to fathom the dark intricacies of the human mind.

To revert now to the subject of the drawers. It will do you no good to bombinate endlessly about sleazy material, deterioration from pounding on stones, etc. That they were immersed in an acid bath powerful enough to corrode a zinc plate, that they were wrenched through a mangle with utmost ferocity, that they were deliberately spattered with grease and kicked about the floor of your establishment, and, finally, that a white-hot iron was

appliqued on their seat—the whole sordid tale of maltreatment is writ there for anybody to see. The motive, however, is far less apparent, and I have speculated for hours on why I should be the target of vandalism. Only one explanation fits the facts. Quite clearly, for all your extortionate rates, you underpay your workmen, and one of them, seeking to revenge himself, wreaked his spite on my undergarment. While I sympathize with the poor rascal's plight, I wish it understood that I hold you responsible to the very last sou. I therefore deduct from the enclosed draft nine francs fifty, which will hardly compensate me for the damage to my raiment and my nerves, and remain, with the most transitory assurances of my regard,

Sincerely yours,

PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU

PARIS,
JULY 18, 1903

Pandit Motilal Nehru,
Allahabad, U.P., India

DEAR PANDIT MOTILAL:

I am desolated beyond words at the pique I sensed between the lines in your recent letter, and I affirm to you on my wife's honor that in the six generations the family has conducted this business,

yours is the first complaint we have ever received. Were I to list the illustrious clients we have satisfied—Robespierre, the Duc d'Enghien, Saint-Saëns, Coquelin, Mérimée, Bouguereau, and Dr. Pasteur, to name but a handful—it would read like a roll call of the immortals. Only yesterday, Marcel Proust, an author you will hear more of one of these days, called at our *établissement* (establishment) to felicitate us in person. The work we do for him is peculiarly exacting; due to his penchant for making notes on his cuffs, we must observe the greatest discretion in selecting which to launder. In fine, our function is as much editorial as sanitary, and he stated unreservedly that he holds our literary judgment in the highest esteem. I ask you, could a firm with traditions like these stoop to the pettifoggery you imply?

You can be sure, however, that if our staff has been guilty of any oversight, it will not be repeated. Between ourselves, we have been zealously weeding out a Socialist element among the employees, malcontents who seek to inflame them with vicious nonsense about an eleven-hour day and compulsory ventilation. Our firm refusal to compromise one iota has borne fruit; we now have a hard core of loyal and spiritless drudges, many of them so lacklustre that they do not even pause for lunch, which means a substantial time saving and consequently much speedier service for the customer. As you see, my dear Pandit Motilal, efficiency and devotion to our clientele dominate every waking thought at Pleurniche.

As regards your last consignment, all seems to be in order; I ask leave, though, to beg one trifling favor that will help us execute your work more rapidly in future. Would you request whoever mails the laundry to make certain it contains no living organisms? When the current order was unpacked, a small yellow-black serpent, scarcely larger than a pencil but quite dynamic, wriggled out of one of your *dhotis* and spread terror in the workroom. We succeeded in decapitating it after a modicum of trouble and bore it to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, where the curator identified it as a krait, the most lethal of your indigenous snakes. Mind you, I personally thought M. Ratisbon an alarmist—the little émigré impressed me as a rather cunning fellow, vivacious, intelligent, and capable of transformation into a household pet if one had leisure. Unfortunately, we have none, so fervent is our desire to accelerate your shipments, and you will aid us materially by a hint in

EPILOGUE FOR A MASQUE OF PURCELL

Beast and bird must bow aside,
Grimbald limp into the wings,
All that's lovely and absurd,
All that dances, all that sings

Folded into trunks again—
The haunted grove, the starlit air—
All turns workaday and plain,
Even the happy, happy pair.

Harpsichord and trumpet go
Trundling down the dusty hall.
That airy joy, that postured woe,
Like the black magician's spell,

Fall in pieces round us now
While the dancer goes to lie
With the king, and need not know
He will jilt her by-and-by.

We were young once and are old;
Have watched the dragon die before;
Knew the innocent and bold,
Saw them through the cardboard door

Kiss the guilty and afraid,
Turning human soon enough.
We have wept with the betrayed,
Never known them die for love.

Yet, since nothing's done by halves
While illusion's yet to do,
May we still forgive ourselves,
And dance again when trumpets blow.

—ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

the right quarter, if you will. Accept, I implore of you, my salutations the most distinguished.

Yours cordially,

OCTAVE-HIPPOLYTE PLEURNICHE

ALLAHABAD, U.P.,

SEPTEMBER 11, 1903

DEAR M. PLEURNICHE:

If I were a hothead, I might be tempted to horsewhip a Yahoo who has the effrontery to set himself up as a patron of letters; if a humanitarian, to garrote him and earn the gratitude of the miserable wretches under his heel. As I am neither, but simply an idealist

fatuous enough to believe he is entitled to what he pays for, I have a favor to ask of you, in turn. Spare me, I pray, your turgid rhetoric and bootlicking protestations, and be equally sparing of the bleach you use on my shirts. After a single baptism in your vats, my sky-blue *jibbabs* faded to a ghastly greenish-white and the fabric evaporates under one's touch. Merciful God, whence springs this compulsion to eliminate every trace of color from my dress? Have you now become arbiters of fashion as well as *littérateurs*?

In your anxiety to ingratiate yourselves, incidentally, you have exposed me to as repugnant an experience as I can remember. Five or six days ago, a verminous individual named Champignon arrived here from Pondichéry, asserting that he was your nephew, delegated by you to expedite my household laundry problems. The blend of unctious and cheek he displayed, reminiscent of a process server, should have warned me to beware, but, tenderhearted ninny that I am, I obeyed our Brahmin laws of hospitality and permitted him to re-



main the night. Needless to say, he distinguished himself. After a show of gluttony to dismay Falstaff, he proceeded to regale the dinner table with a disquisition on the art of love, bolstering it with quotations from the Kamasutra so coarse that one of the ladies present fainted dead away. Somewhat later, I surprised him in the kitchen tickling a female servant, and when I demurred, he rudely advised me to stick to my rope trick and stay out of matters that did not concern me. He was gone before daylight, accompanied by a Jaipur enamel necklace of incalculable value and all our spoons. I felt it was a trivial price to be rid of him. Nevertheless, I question your wisdom, from a commercial standpoint, in employing such emissaries. Is it not safer to rob the customer in the old humdrum fashion, a franc here and a franc there, than to stake everything on a youth's judgment and risk possible disaster? I subscribe myself, as always,

Your well-wisher,
PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU

PARIS,
OCTOBER 25, 1903

DEAR PANDIT MOTILAL:

We trust that you have received the bundle shipped five weeks since and that our work continues to gratify. It is also pleasing to learn that our relative M. Champignon called on you and managed to be of assistance. If there is any further way he can serve you, do not hesitate to notify him.

I enclose herewith a cutting which possibly needs a brief explanation. As you see, it is a newspaper advertisement embodying your photograph and a text woven out of laudatory remarks culled from your letters to us. Knowing you would gladly concur, I took the liberty of altering a word or two in places to clarify the meaning and underline the regard you hold us in. This dramatic license, so to speak, in no way vitiates the sense of what you wrote; it is quite usual in theatrical advertising to touch up critical opinion, and to judge from comment I have already heard, you will enjoy publicity throughout the continent of Europe for years to come. Believe us, dear Pandit, your eternal debtor, and allow me to remain

Yours fraternally,
OCTAVE-HIPPOLYTE PLEURNICHE

ALLAHABAD,
NOVEMBER 14, 1903

DEAR M. PLEURNICHE:

The barristers I retained immediately on perusing your letter—Messrs.



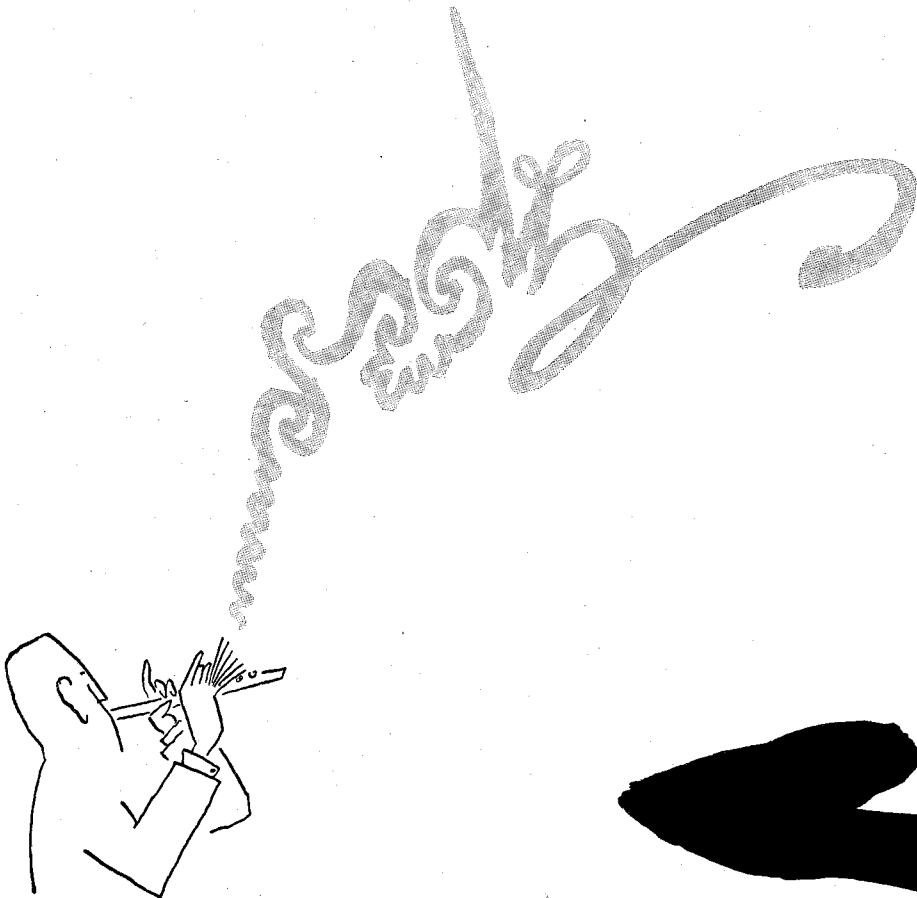
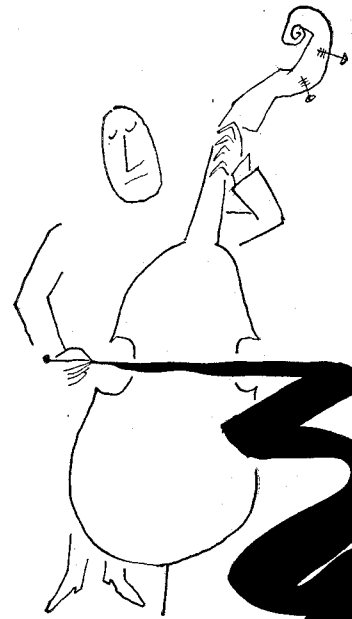
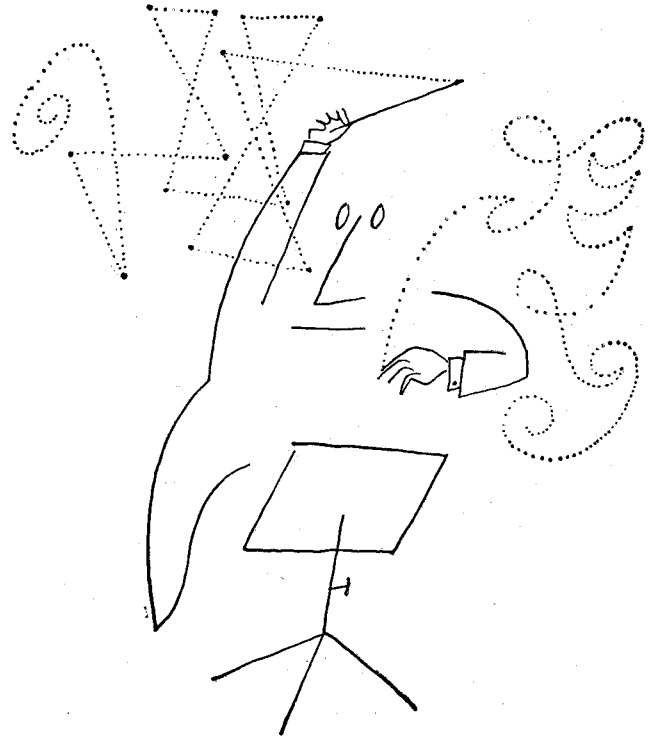
"Has the possibility occurred to you, Senator, that you're a Democrat and don't know it?"

Nankivel & Fotheringay, of Covent Garden, a firm you will hear more of one of these days—have cautioned me not to communicate with you henceforth, but the urge to speak one final word is irresistible. After all, when their suit for a million francs breaks over you like a thunderclap, when the bailiffs seize your business and you are reduced to sleeping along the *quais* and subsisting on the carrot greens you pick up around Les Halles, you may mistakenly attribute your predicament to my malignity, to voodoo, djinns, etc. Nothing of the sort, my dear chap. Using me to publicize your filthy little concern is only a secondary factor in your downfall. What doomed you from the start was the bumbling incompetence,

the ingrained slovenliness, that characterizes everyone in your calling. A man too indolent to replace the snaps he tears from a waistcoat or expunge the rust he sprinkles on a brand-new Kashmiri shawl is obviously capable of any infamy, and it ill becomes him to snivel when retribution overtakes him in the end.

Adieu then, *mon brave*, and try to exhibit in the dock at least the dignity you have failed to heretofore. With every good wish and the certainty that nothing I have said has made the slightest possible impression on a brain addled by steam, I am,

Compassionately,
PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU
—S. J. PERELMAN





VOYAGE OUT, VOYAGE HOME

CONSTANCE sat impatiently in the little chair in the first-class cabin, taking occasional sips of the champagne that Mark had sent. Mark had been called out of town and hadn't been able to come, but he'd sent champagne. She didn't like champagne, but she didn't know what else to do with it, so she drank it. Her father stood in front of the porthole, drinking, too. From his expression, Constance could guess that he didn't like champagne either. Or perhaps he didn't like this particular vintage. Or he didn't like it because Mark had sent it. Or maybe it wasn't the champagne at all but just that he was embarrassed.

Constance knew that she was looking sullen, and she tried to change the set of her face, because she also knew that she looked younger, childish, sixteen, seventeen, when she was sullen. She was sure that everything she did with her face at that moment made her look more sullen than ever, and she wished the horn would blow and her father would get off the ship.

"You'll probably drink a lot of this," her father said. "In France."

"I don't expect to stay in France long," she said. "I'm going to look for some place quiet." Her voice sounded to her as though it were coming out of the nursery, wailing and spiteful and spoiled. She tried to smile at her father. The last few weeks in the apartment, while the argument had been going on and the hostility had been so close to the surface, had been painful to her, and now, in the last ten minutes before the ship pulled away, she wanted to recapture an earlier, easier relationship as far as she could. So she smiled, but she had the impression that the smile was crafty and cold and coquettish. Her father turned around and looked vaguely out the porthole at the covered wharf. It was rainy and there was a cold wind blowing and the men on the dock waiting to throw off the lines looked miserable.

"It's going to be a choppy night," her father said. "Have you got the Dramamine?"

The hostility returned, because he asked about the Dramamine. At a moment like that. "I won't need Dramamine," Constance said shortly. She took a long drink of the champagne. The label on the bottle was impeccable, like all Mark's gifts, but the wine was sourish and acidic.

Her father turned back toward her. He smiled at her, and she thought, bitterly, This is the last time he's going to

get away with patronizing me. He stood there, a robust, confident, healthy, youngish-seeming man, looking privately amused, and Constance thought, How would you like it if I just got out of here and walked off this precious boat—how would you ever like it?

"I envy you," her father said. "If someone had only sent me to Europe when I was twenty . . ."

Twenty, twenty, Constance thought. He's always harping on twenty. "Please, Father, let's cut that out," she said. "I'm here and I'm going and it's all settled, but let's spare ourselves the envy."

"Every time I happen to remind you that you're twenty," her father said mildly, "you react as though I'd insulted you."

He smiled, pleased with himself that he was so damned perceptive, that he understood her so well, that he was not one of those fathers whose children slide irrevocably away from them into mysterious, modern depths.

"Let's not discuss it," Constance said, pitching her voice low. When she remembered, she always made a point of pitching her voice low. It sometimes made her sound forty years old on the telephone, or like a man.

"Have a great time," her father said. "Go to all the bright places. And if you decide you want to stay on, just let me know. Maybe I'll be able to come over and join you for a few weeks—"

"Three months from now," Constance said crisply, "to this day, I'll be coming up the harbor."

"Whatever you say, my dear."

When he said "my dear," Constance knew he was humoring her. She

couldn't bear being humored there in the ugly little cabin, with the weather bad outside, and the ship ready to leave, and the sounds of people saying good-bye, laughing loudly, in the next room. If she had been on better terms with her father, she would have cried.

The horn blew for visitors to go ashore, and her father came and kissed her, holding her for an extra second, and she tried to be polite. But when he said, very seriously, "You'll see—three months from now you'll thank me for this," she pushed him back, furious with him for his obnoxious assurance, and mournful at the same time that they, who had been so close to each other, were no longer friends.

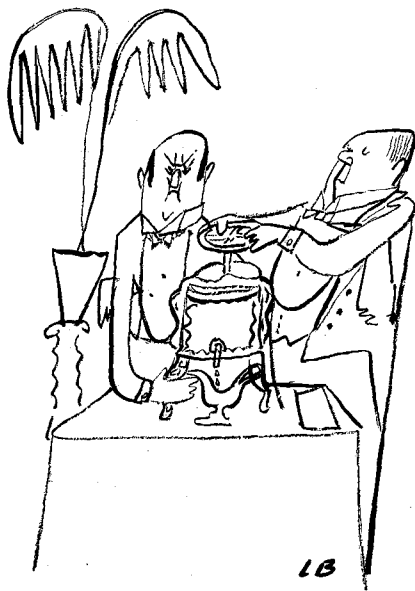
"Goodbye," she said, her voice choked and not pitched low. "The whistle's blowing. Goodbye."

He picked up his hat, patted her shoulder, hesitated a moment at the door, looking thoughtful but not disturbed, and went out into the corridor and disappeared among the other visitors who were streaming up toward the gangplank and the shore.

When she was sure her father was off, Constance went up to the boat deck and stood there, alone in the sharp, blowy rain, watching the tugs pull the ship into the stream. As the ship went slowly downriver into the harbor and then headed into open water, she shivered in the wintry air, and, approving of herself a little for the grandeur of the sentiment, thought, I am approaching a continent to which I have no connection.

CONSTANCE braced herself against the crossbar of the lift as she approached the mid-point of the hill. She made sure that her skis were firmly in the ruts as she came up onto the flat section of packed snow where there was a short line of skiers who had come down only halfway and were waiting to pick up empty hooks and go back to the top. She always felt a little uncertain here, because if you were alone on one side of the T bar, the first person in the line would swing into place alongside you and there would be an extra, sudden pull as the new weight caught that could throw you off balance. She saw that there was a man waiting for the place next to her, and she concentrated on keeping erect gracefully as he settled into place beside her. He did it smoothly, and they skidded easily past the waiting line. She was conscious that he was looking across at her, but she was too occupied for the moment with the terrain in front of her to turn her head.

"Oh, I know you," the man said as



they started safely up the hill again, leaning against the pull of the bar, their skis bumping a little in the ruts. "You're the grave young American."

Constance looked at him for the first time. "And you," she said, because everybody talked to everybody else on the hills, "you're the gay young Englishman."

"Half right," he said. He smiled. His face was a skier's brown, with an almost girlish flush of blood along the cheekbones. "At least, one-third right." She knew his name was Pritchard, because she had heard people talking to him in the hotel. She remembered hearing one of the ski teachers say about him, "He is too reckless. He thinks he is better than he actually is. He does not have the technique for so much speed." She glanced across at him and decided he *did* look reckless. He had a long nose—the kind that doesn't photograph well but that looks all right just the same, especially in a long, thin face. Twenty-five, Constance thought, twenty-six. No more. He was leaning easily against the bar, not holding on with his hands. He took off his gloves and fished a package of cigarettes out of his pockets and offered them to Constance. "Players," he said. "I hope you won't hate me."

"No, thank you," Constance said. She was sure that if she tried to light a cigarette she would fall off the lift.

He lit his cigarette, bending over a little and squinting over his cupped hands as the smoke twisted up past his eyes. He had long, thin hands, and ordinarily you had the feeling that people with hands like that were nervous and easily upset. He was tall and slender, and his ski pants were very downhill, Constance noted, and he wore a red sweater and a checked scarf. He had the air of a dandy, but a dandy who was amused at himself. He moved easily on his skis, and you could tell he was one of the people who weren't afraid of falling.

"I never see you in the bar," he said, tossing the match into the snow and putting on his gloves.

"I don't drink," she said, not quite telling the truth.

"They have Coca-Cola," he said. "Switzerland, the forty-ninth state."

"I don't like Coca-Cola."

"Used to be one of the leading British colonies," he said, grinning. "Switzerland. But we lost it, along with India. Before the war, in this town, the English covered the hills like the edelweiss. If you wanted to find a Swiss between January 1st and March 13th, you had to hunt with dogs."



"I'd have more faith in your innocence if you hadn't tried to pay my retainer with those phony twenties."

"Were you here before the war?" Constance asked, surprised.

"With my mother. She broke a leg a year."

"Is she here now?"

"No," he said. "She's dead."

I must be careful, Constance thought, avoiding looking at the man beside her, not to ask people in Europe about their relatives. So many of them turn out to be dead.

"It used to be very gay," he said, "the hotels swarming, and dances every night, and everybody dressing for dinner, and singing 'God Save the King' on New Year's. Did you know it was going to be this quiet?"

"Yes," Constance said. "I asked the man at the travel bureau in Paris."

"Oh. What did he say?"

"He said everybody was a serious skier here and went to bed by ten o'clock."

The Englishman glanced at her momentarily. "You're not a serious skier, are you?"

"No. I've only been two or three times before."

"You're not one of the delicate ones, are you?"

"Delicate?" Constance looked at him, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"You know," he said, "the advertisements. Schools for delicate children. Swiss for t.b."

Constance laughed. "Do I look as though I have t.b.?"

He regarded her gravely, and she felt plump and unaustere and a little too bosomy in her tight clothes. "No," he said. "But you never can tell. Did you ever read 'The Magic Mountain'?"

"Yes," she said, feeling proud that she could show she was not completely uncultured, although American and very young, and remembering that she



"Shakespeare's got the right idea. People just want to be entertained."

had skipped the philosophic discussions and cried over the death of the cousin. "I read it. Why?"

"The sanitarium it was written about isn't far from here," Pritchard said. "I'll show it to you someday when the snow's bad. Do you think this place is sad?"

"No," she said, surprised. "Why?"

"Some people do. The mixture. The pretty mountains and the healthy types wallowing down the hills, risking their necks and feeling marvellous, and the people with the bad lungs hanging on, watching them and wondering if they're ever going to leave here alive."

"I guess I didn't think about it," Constance admitted honestly.

"It was worse right after the war," he said. "There was a boom here right after the war. All the people who hadn't eaten enough or had been living underground or in prison and who had been frightened so long—"

"Where're they now?"

Pritchard shrugged. "Dead, discharged, or destitute," he said. "Is it true that people refuse to die in America?"

"Yes," she said. "It would be an admission of failure."

He smiled and patted her gloved hand, which was clutching tightly onto the middle bar. "You mustn't be angry that we're jealous," he said. "It's the only way we can show our gratitude." Gently, he loosened her fingers from the wood. "And you mustn't be so tight when you ski. Not even with your fingers. You mustn't even frown until you go in for tea. The drill is—loose, desperate, and supremely confident."

"Is that how you are?"

"Mostly desperate," he said.

"What are you doing on this little beginners' slope, then?" Constance asked. "Why didn't you take the *téléphérique* up to the top?"

"I twisted my ankle yesterday," Pritchard said. "Overrated myself. The February disease. Out of control and into a gully, with a great deal of style. So today I can only do slow, majestic turns. But tomorrow we attack that one once more—" He gestured up toward the peak, half closed in by fog, with the sun a wet, pale ball above it, making it look forbidding and dangerous. "Come along?" He looked at her inquiringly.

"I haven't been up there yet," Constance said, regarding the mountain re-

spectfully. "I'm afraid it's a little too much for me so far."

"You must always do things that are a little too much for you," he said. "On skis. Otherwise, where's the fun?"

They were silent for several moments, moving slowly up the hill, feeling the wind cut across their faces, noticing the quiet and the queer, fogged mountain light. Twenty yards ahead of them, on the preceding bar, a girl in a yellow parka moved evenly upward like a bright, patient doll.

"Paris?" Pritchard said.

"What's that?" He jumps around entirely too much, Constance thought, feeling heavy.

"You said you came from Paris. Are you one of those nice people who come here to give us your government's money?"

"No," said Constance.

"I just came over on a—well, on a vacation. I live in New York, really. And French food makes me break out."

He looked at her critically. "You look completely unbroken out now," he said. "You look like the girls who advertise soap and beer in American magazines." Then he added hastily, "If that's considered insulting in your country, I take it back."

"And the men in Paris," she said.

"Oh. Are there men in Paris?"

"Even in the museums. They follow you. With homburg hats. Looking at you as though they're weighing you by the pound. In front of religious pictures and everything."

"Girl I knew, English girl," Pritchard said, "was followed from Prestwick, Scotland, to the tip of Cornwall by an American gunner in 1944. Three months. No religious pictures, though, as far as I know."

"You know what I mean. It's an impolite atmosphere," she said primly, knowing he was making fun of her in that straight-faced English way but not knowing whether to be offended or not.

"Were you brought up in a convent?"

"No."

"It's amazing how many American girls sound as though they were brought

up in a convent. Then it turns out they drink gin and roar in bars. What do you do at night?"

"Where? At home?"

"No. I know what people do at night in America. They look at television," he said. "I mean here."

"I—I wash my hair," she said defensively, feeling foolish. "And I write letters."

"How long are you staying up here?"

"Six weeks."

"Six weeks." He nodded, and swung his poles to his outside hand, because they were nearing the top. "Six weeks of shining hair and correspondence."

"I made a promise," she said, thinking, I might as well let him know now, just in case he's getting any ideas. "I promised someone I'd write him a letter a day while I was gone."

Pritchard nodded soberly, as though sympathizing with her. "Americans," he said as they came to the top and slid out from the T bar onto the flat place. "Americans baffle me."

Then he waved his poles at her and went straight down the hill, his red sweater a swift, diminishing gay speck against the blue-shadowed snow.

THE sun slipped between the peaks, like a gold coin in a gigantic slot, and the light got flat and dangerous, making it almost impossible to see the bumps. Constance made her last descent, falling twice and feeling superstitious, because it was always when you said, "Well, this is the last one," that you got hurt.

Running out and coming to a stop on the packed snow between two farmhouses at the outskirts of the town, she kicked off her skis with a sense of accomplishment and relief. Her toes and fingers were frozen, but she was warm everywhere else and her cheeks were bright red and she breathed the thin, cold air with a mountain sense of tasting something delicious. She felt vigorous and friendly, and smiled at the other skiers clattering to a stop around her. She was brushing the snow of the last two falls off her clothes, so that she would look like a good skier as she walked through the town, when Pritchard came down over

the last ridge and flicked to a stop beside her.

"I see you," he said, bending to unlock his bindings, "but I won't tell a soul."

Constance gave a final, self-conscious pat to the icy crystals on her parka. "I only fell four times all afternoon," she said.

"Up there, tomorrow"—he made a gesture of his head toward the mountain—"you'll crash all day."

"I didn't say I was going up there." Constance buckled her skis together and started to swing them up to her shoulder. Pritchard reached over and took them from her. "I can carry my own skis," she said.

"Don't be sturdy. American girls are always being sturdy about inessential points." He made a big V out of the two pairs of skis on his shoulders, and they started walking, their boots crunching on the stained, hard snow of the road. The lights came on in the town, pale in the fading light. The postman passed them, pulling his sled with his big dog yoked beside him. Six children in snowsuits on a linked whip of sleds came sliding down out of a steep side street and overturned in front of them in a fountain of laughter. A big brown horse with his belly clipped to keep the ice from forming there slowly pulled three huge logs toward the station. Old men in pale-blue parkas

passed them and said "Grüezi," and a maid from one of the houses up the hill shot out on a little sled, holding a milk can between her knees as she rocketed around the turns. They were playing a French waltz over at the skating rink, and the music mingled with the laughter of the children and the bells on the horse's bridle and the distant, old-fashioned clanging of the gong at the railroad station, announcing a train's departure.

"Departure," the station bell said, insistent among the other sounds.

There was a booming noise far off in the hills, and Constance looked up, puzzled. "What's that?" she asked.

"Mortars," said Pritchard. "It snowed last night, and the patrols have been out all day firing at the overhangs. For the avalanches."

There was another shot, low and echoing, and they stopped and listened. "Like old times," Pritchard said as they started walking again. "Like the good old war."

"Oh," said Constance, feeling delicate, because she had never heard guns before. "The war. Were you in it?"

"A little." He grinned. "I had a little war."

"Doing what?"

"Night fighter," he said, shifting the yoke of skis a little on his shoulders. "I flew an ugly black plane across an ugly black sky. That's the wonderful thing



"But, Alice, you know I'm always likely to be at my workbench."

about the Swiss—the only thing they shoot is snow.”

“Night fighter,” Constance said vaguely. She had been only twelve years old when the war ended, and it was all jumbled and remote in her memory. It was like hearing about the graduating class two generations before you in school. People were always referring to names and dates and events that they expected you to recognize, but which you could never quite get straight. “Night fighter. What was that?”

“We flew interceptor missions over France,” Pritchard said. “We’d fly on the deck to avoid the radar and flak, and hang around airfields making the Hun miserable, waiting for planes to come in slow, with their wheels down.”

“Oh, I remember now,” Constance said firmly. “You’re the ones who ate carrots. For night vision.”

Pritchard laughed. “For publication we ate carrots,” he said. “Actually, we used radar. We’d locate them on the screen and fire when we saw the exhaust flares. Give me a radar screen over a carrot any day.”

“Did you shoot down many planes?” Constance asked, wondering if she sounded morbid.

“*Grüezi*,” Pritchard said to the owner of a *pension* who was standing in front of his door looking up at the sky to see if it was going to snow that night. “Twenty centimetres by morning. Powder.”

“You think?” the man said, looking doubtfully at the evening sky.

“I guarantee,” Pritchard said.

“You’re very polite,” the man said, smiling. “You must come to Switzerland more often.” He went into his *pension*, closing the door behind him.

“A couple,” Pritchard said carelessly. “We shot down a couple. Should I tell you how brave I was?”

“You look so young,” Constance said.

“I’m thirty,” said Pritchard. “How old do you have to be to shoot down a plane? Especially poor, lumbering transports, running out of gas, full of clerks and rear-echelon types, wiping their glasses and being sorry the airplane was ever invented.”

In the hills, there was the flat sound of the mortars again. Constance wished they’d stop. “You don’t look thirty,” she said to Pritchard.

“I’ve led a simple and salutary life. Here,” he said. They were in front of one of the smaller hotels, and he put the skis in the rack and jammed the poles into the snow beside them. “Let’s go in here and get a simple and salutary cup of tea.”

MARCH

A BIRTHDAY POEM

My child as yet unborn, the doctors nod,
Agreeing that your first month shall be March,
A time of year I know by heart and like
To talk about—I was born in March, too.

March, like November, a month largely unloved,
Parades before April, who steals all shows
With his harlequinade of things renewed.
Impatient for that pastel fool’s approach,
Our fathers taunted March, called him *Hlyd-monath*,
Though the month is mild, and a murmurer.
Indeed, after the Titan’s fall and shatter
Of February, March seems a silence.
The Romans, finding February’s ruins
At the feet of March, heard his wind as boasting
And hailed his guilt with a war-god’s name.

As two huge boards thrust from opposing walls
To advertise two inns, so do the signs
Of Pisces the Fish and Aries the Ram
Overhang March. Depending on the day,
Your fortunate gem shall be the bloodstone
Or the diamond, your lucky color crimson
Or silver gray. You shall prove affable,
Impulsive, lucky in your friends, or cross,
According to the counterpoint of stars.
Press your business ventures, wear cravats,
And swear not by the moon. If you plant wheat,
Do it at dawn. The same for barley. Let
The tide transplant kohlrabi, leeks, and beans.
Toward the month’s end, sow hardy annuals.

It was this month when Caesar fell, Stalin died,
And Beethoven. In this month snowflakes melt—
Those last dry crusts that huddle by the barn.
Now kites and crocuses are hoisted up.
Doors slap open. Dogs snuffle soggy leaves,
Rehearsing rusty repertoires of smells.
The color of March is the one that lies
On the shadow side of young tree trunks.

March is no land of extremes. Dull as life,
It offers small flowers and minor holidays.
Clouds stride sentry and hold our vision down.
By much the same token, agonized roots
Are hidden by earth. Much, much is opaque.
The thunder bluffs, wind cannot be gripped,
And kites and crocuses are what they are.
Still, child, it is far from a bad month,
For all its weight of compromise and hope.
As modest as a monk, March shall be there
When, on that day without a yesterday,
You, red and blind and blank, gulp the air.

—JOHN UPDIKE

“Well,” said Constance, “I really—”

“Make the letter two pages shorter tonight, and more intense.” He took her elbow gently, barely touching it, as he guided her toward the door. “And polish your hair some other night.”

They went into the bar and sat

down at a heavy, carefully carved wood table. There were no other skiers in the bar—just some village men sitting under the chamois antlers on the wall, quietly playing cards on felt cloths and drinking coffee out of small stemmed glasses.

“I told you,” Pritchard said, taking



"Damn it, I am looking pleasant!"

off his scarf. "This country is being overrun by the Swiss."

The waitress came over, and Pritchard ordered, in German.

"What did you ask for?" Constance asked, because she could tell it wasn't only tea.

"Tea and lemon and black rum," said Pritchard.

"Do you think I ought to have rum?" she asked doubtfully.

"Everybody in the whole world should have rum," he said. "It will keep you from committing suicide in the twilight."

"You speak German, don't you?"

"I speak all the dead languages of Europe," he said. "German, French, Italian, and English. I was carefully educated for a world of interchangeable currency." He sat back, rubbing the knuckles of one hand against the palm

of the other, to warm them. His head was leaning against the wood-panelled wall and he was smiling at her and she couldn't tell whether she was uncomfortable or not. "Let me hear you say 'Hi-ho, Silver.'"

"What?" she asked, puzzled.

"Isn't that what people say in America? I want to perfect my accent for the next invasion," he said.

"They stopped that," she said, thinking, My, he's a jumpy boy, I wonder what happened to him to make him that way. "They don't say it any more. It's out of date."

"All the best things go out of date so quickly in your country," he said regretfully. "Observe the Swiss." He gestured with his head toward where the men were playing. "That game has been going on since 1910," he said. "Living among the Swiss is so placid. It's like liv-

ing alongside a lake. Many people can't stand it, of course. You remember that joke about the Swiss in that film about Vienna?"

"No," Constance said. "What film?" This is the first time, she thought, I've ever called a movie a film. I must be careful.

"One of the characters says, 'The Swiss haven't had a war in a hundred and fifty years and what have they produced? The cuckoo clock.' I don't know." Pritchard shrugged. "Maybe it's better to live in a country that invents the cuckoo clock than one that invents radar. Time is nothing serious to a cuckoo clock. A little toy that makes a silly, artificial sound every half hour. For people who invent radar, time is ominous, because it's the difference between the altitude of a plane and the location of the battery that's

going to bring it down. It's an invention for people who are suspicious and are thinking of ambush. Here's your tea. As you see, I'm making a serious effort to amuse you, because I've been watching you for five days and you give the impression of a girl who cries herself to sleep several times a week."

"How much of this stuff do I put in?" Constance asked, confused by the flood of talk, holding up the glass of rum, and carefully making sure not to look at Pritchard.

"Half," he said. "You have to have something in reserve for the second cup."

"It smells good," Constance said, sniffing the fragrance that rose from the cup after she had measured out half the glass of rum and squeezed the lemon into it.

"Perhaps"—Pritchard prepared his own cup—"perhaps I'd better talk only on impersonal subjects."

"Perhaps that would be better," Constance said.

"The chap who receives all those letters," Pritchard said. "Why isn't he here?"

Constance hesitated for a moment. "He works," she said.

"Oh. That vice." He sipped his tea, then put down his cup and rubbed his nose with his handkerchief. "Hot tea does that to you, too?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"You said impersonal."

"So. The marriage is arranged."

"I didn't say that."

"No. But you would have said no if it wasn't."

Constance chuckled. "All right," she said.

"Arranged. Anyway, approximately arranged."

"When?"

"When the three months're up," she said, without thinking.

"Is that a law in New

York?" Pritchard asked. "That you have to wait three months? Or is it a private family taboo?"

Constance hesitated. Suddenly, she felt that she hadn't really talked to anyone in a long time. She had ordered meals and asked directions in railroad stations and said good morning to the people in shops, but everything else had been loneliness and silence, no less painful because she had imposed it on herself.

Why not, she thought, selfishly and gratefully. Why not talk about it, for once?

"It's my father," she said, twisting her cup. "It's his idea. He's against it. He said wait three months and see. He thinks I'll forget Mark in three months in Europe."

"America," Pritchard said. "The only place left where people can afford to act in an old-fashioned manner."

What's the matter with Mark? Is he a fright?"

"He's beautiful,"

Constance said. "Melancholy and beautiful."

Pritchard nodded, as though noting all this down. "No money, though," he said.

"Enough," said Constance. "At least, he has a good job."

"What's the matter with him, then?"

"My father thinks he's too old for me," Constance said. "He's forty."

"A grave complaint," Pritchard said. "Is that why he's melancholy?"

Constance smiled. "No. He was born that way. He's a thoughtful man."

"Do you only like forty-year-old men?" Pritchard asked.

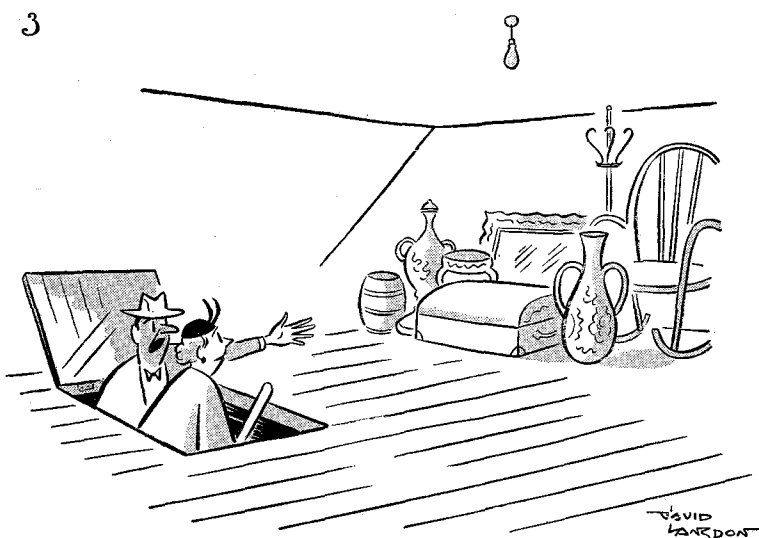
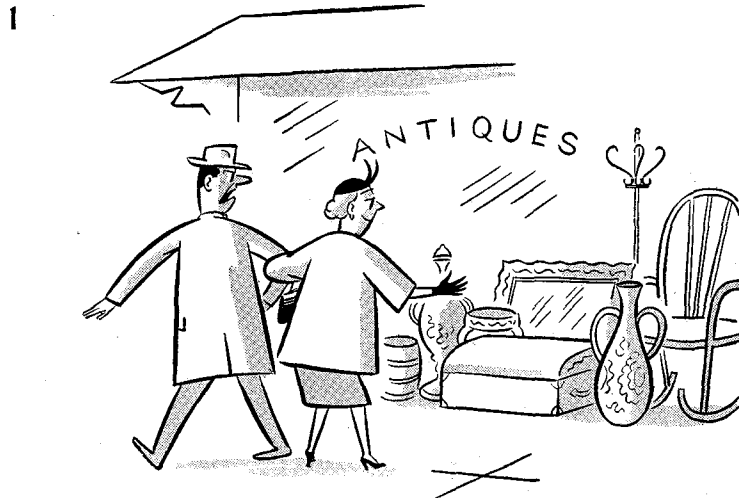
"I only like Mark," said Constance. "Although it's true I never got along with the young men I knew. They—they're cruel. They make me feel shy—and angry with myself. When I go out with one of them, I come home feeling crooked."

"Crooked?" Pritchard looked puzzled.

"Yes. I feel I haven't behaved like me. I've behaved the way I think the other girls they've gone out with have behaved. Coquettish, cynical, amorous. Is this too complicated?"

"No."

"I hate the opinions other people have of me," Constance said, almost forgetting the young man at the table with her, and talking bitterly, and for her-



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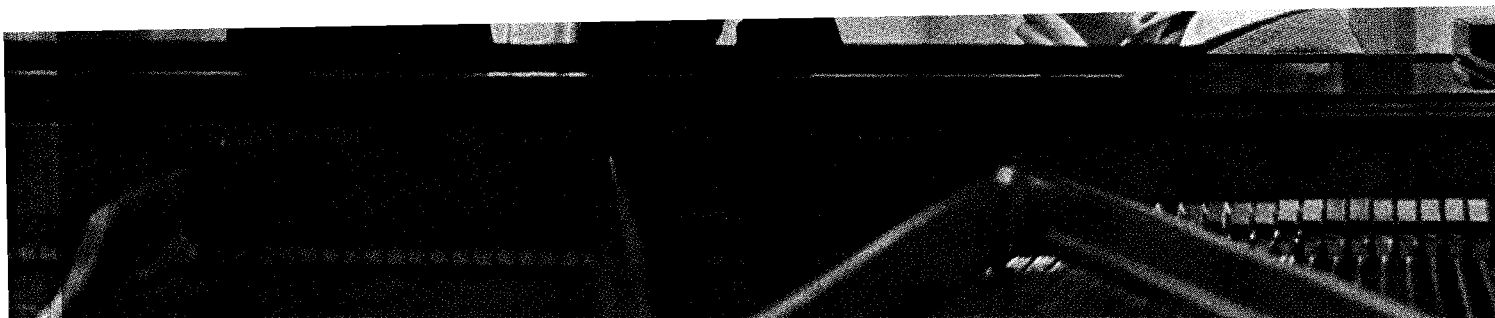


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self. "I hate being used just for celebrations, when people come into town from college or from the Army. Somebody for parties, somebody to maul on the way home in the taxi. And my father's opinion of me." She was getting it out for the first time. "I used to think we were good friends, that he thought I was a responsible, grown-up human being. Then when I told him I wanted to marry Mark, I found out it was all a fraud. What he really thinks of me is that I'm a child. And a child is a form of idiot. My mother left him when I was ten and we've been very close since then, but we weren't as close as I thought we were. He was just playing a game with me. Flattering me. When the first real issue came up, the whole thing collapsed. He wouldn't let me have my own opinion of me at all. That's why I finally said all right to the three months. To prove it to him once and for all." She looked suddenly, distrustfully, at Pritchard, to see whether he was smiling. "Are you being amused at me?"

"Of course not," he said. "I'm thinking of all the people I've known who've had different opinions of me than I've had of myself. What a frightening idea." He looked at her speculatively, but it was hard for her to tell how serious he was. "And what's your opinion of yourself?"

"It's not completely formed yet," she said slowly. "I know what I want it to be. I want to be responsible and I don't want to be a child and I don't want to be cruel—and I want to move in a good direction." She shrugged, embarrassed now. "That's pretty lame, isn't it?"

"Lame," Pritchard said, "but admirable."

"Oh, I'm not admirable yet," she said. "Maybe in ten years. I haven't sorted myself out completely yet." She laughed nervously. "Isn't it nice," she said, "you're going away in a few days and I'll never see you again, so I can talk like this to you."

"Yes," he said. "Very nice."

"I haven't talked to anyone for so long. Maybe it's the rum."

Pritchard smiled. "Ready for your second cup?"

"Yes, thank you." She watched him pour the tea and was surprised to notice that his hand shook. Perhaps, she thought, he's one of those young men who came out of the war drinking a bottle of whiskey a day.

"So," he said. "Tomorrow we go up to the top of the mountain."

She was grateful to him for realizing that she didn't want to talk about herself any more and switching the con-

versation without saying anything about it.

"How will you do it—with your ankle?" she asked.

"I'll get the doctor to put a shot of novocain in it," he said. "And for a few hours my ankle will feel immortal."

"All right," she said, watching him pour his own tea, watching his hand shake. "In the morning?"

"I don't ski in the morning," he said. He added the rum to his tea and sniffed it appreciatively.

"What do you do in the morning?"

"I recover, and write poetry."

"Oh." She looked at him doubtfully. "Should I know your name?"

"No," he said. "I always tear it up the next morning."

She laughed, a little uncertainly, because the only other people she had ever known who wrote poetry had been fifteen-year-old boys in prep school. "My," she said, "you're a queer man."

"Queer?" He raised his eyebrows. "Doesn't that mean something a little obscene in America? Boys with boys, I mean."

"Only sometimes," Constance said, embarrassed. "Not now. What sort of poetry do you write?"

"Lyric, elegiac, and athletic," he said. "In praise of youth, death, and anarchy. Very good for tearing. Shall we have dinner together tonight?"

"Why?" she asked, unsettled by the way he jumped from one subject to another.

"That's a question that no European woman would ever ask," he said.

"I told the hotel that I was going to have dinner up in my room."

"I have great influence at the hotel," he said. "I think I may be able to prevent them from taking the tray up."

"Besides," Constance said, "what about the lady you've been having dinner with all week—the French lady?"

"Good." He smiled. "You've been watching me, too."

"There're only fifteen tables in the whole dining room," Constance said uncomfortably. "You can't help..." The French lady was at least thirty, with a short, fluffed haircut and a senselessly narrow waist. She wore black slacks and sweaters and very tight, shiny belts, and she and Pritchard always seemed to be laughing a great deal together over private jokes in the corner in which they sat every night. Whenever Constance was in the room with the French lady, she felt young and clumsy.

"The French lady is a good friend," Pritchard said, "but Anglo-Saxons are not *nuancé* enough for her, she

Dollars for Scholars

For some reason one of the stories about Honest Abe we remember best is that of the zealous young student doing his sums on a shovel before the flickering flame of a log fire. It seems somewhat appropriate now as we read about General Motors giving two million dollars a year to aid education. In case you didn't see the story, it's a program of four-year scholarships that will range from \$800 to \$2,000 a year.



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It reminds us, too, how broad — gauge a business executive's interests need be these days—and how timely Nation's Business has been whenever we published an article about schools. And over the years, there have been many. In fact, every once in a while we have been asked, "What's an article such as 'Dollars for Scholars' doing in a businessman's magazine?" Now, it's apparent what it's doing... Nation's Business, a magazine for businessmen, Washington 6, D. C.



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says. The French are patriots down to the last bedsheet. Besides, her husband is arriving tomorrow."

"I think I'd really rather stick to my plan," Constance said formally. She stood up. "Are we ready to go?"

He looked at her quietly for a moment. "You're beautiful," he said. "Sometimes it's impossible to keep from saying that."

"Please," she said. "Please, I do have to go now."

"Of course," he said. He stood up and left some money on the table. "Whatever you say."

They walked the hundred yards to their hotel in silence. It was completely dark now, and very cold, and their breath crystallized in little clouds before their mouths as they walked.

"I'll put your skis away," he said, at the door of the hotel.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice. "Good night. And write a nice letter," he said.

"I'll try," she said. She turned and went into the hotel.

In her room, she took off her boots but didn't bother changing her clothes. She lay down on her bed, without putting on the lights, and stared at the dark ceiling, thinking, Nobody ever told me the English were like that.

"DEAREST," she wrote. "Forgive me for not writing, but the weather has been glorious and for a little while I've just devoted myself to making turns and handling deep snow.... There's a young man here, an Englishman," she wrote conscientiously, "who's been very nice, who has been good enough to act as an instructor, and even if I say it myself, I'm really getting pretty good. He was in the R.A.F. and his father went down with the Hood and his mother was killed in a bombing—"

She stopped. No, she thought, it sounds tricky. As though I'm hiding something, and putting in the poor, dead, patriotic family as artful window dressing. She crumpled the letter and threw it in the wastebasket. She took out another sheet of paper. "Dearest," she wrote.

There was a knock on the door, and she called "Ja."

The door opened and Pritchard came in. She looked up in surprise. In all the three weeks, he'd never come to her room. She stood up, embarrassed. She was in her stocking feet, and the room was littered with the debris of the afternoon's skiing—boots standing near the window, sweaters thrown over a chair, gloves drying on the radiator, and her

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parka hanging near the bathroom door, with a little trickle of melting snow running down from the collar. The radio was on, and an American band was playing "Bali Ha'i" from an Armed Forces station in Germany.

Pritchard, standing in front of the open door, smiled at her. "Ah," he said, "some corner of a foreign room that is forever Vassar."

Constance turned the radio off. "I'm sorry," she said, waving vaguely and conscious that her hair was not combed. "Everything's such a mess."

Pritchard went over to the bureau and peered at Mark's picture, which was standing there in a leather frame. "The receiver of letters?" he asked.

"The receiver of letters." There was an open box of Kleenex on the bureau, and an eyelash curler, and a half-eaten bar of chocolate, and Constance felt guilty to be presenting Mark so frivolously.

"He's very handsome." Pritchard squinted at the photograph.

"Yes," Constance said. She found her moccasins and put them on, and felt a little less embarrassed.

"He looks serious." Pritchard moved the Kleenex to get a better view.

"He is serious," said Constance. In all the three weeks that she had been skiing with Pritchard, she had said hardly anything about Mark. They had talked about almost everything else, but somehow, by a tacit agreement, they had avoided Mark. They had skied together every afternoon and had talked a great deal about the necessity of leaning forward at all times, and about falling relaxed, and about Pritchard's time in public school in England, and about his father, and about the London theatre and American novelists, and they had talked gravely about what it was like to be twenty and what it was like to be thirty, and they had talked about Christmastime in New York and what football weekends were like at Princeton, and they had even had a rather sharp discussion on the nature of courage when Constance lost her nerve in the middle of a steep trail late one afternoon, with the sun going down and the mountain deserted. But they had never talked about Mark.

Pritchard turned away from the picture. "You didn't have to shoe yourself for me," he said, indicating her moccasins. "One of the nicest things about skiing is taking those damned heavy boots off and walking around on a warm floor in wool socks."

"I'm engaged in a constant struggle not to be sloppy," Constance said.

They stood there, facing each other



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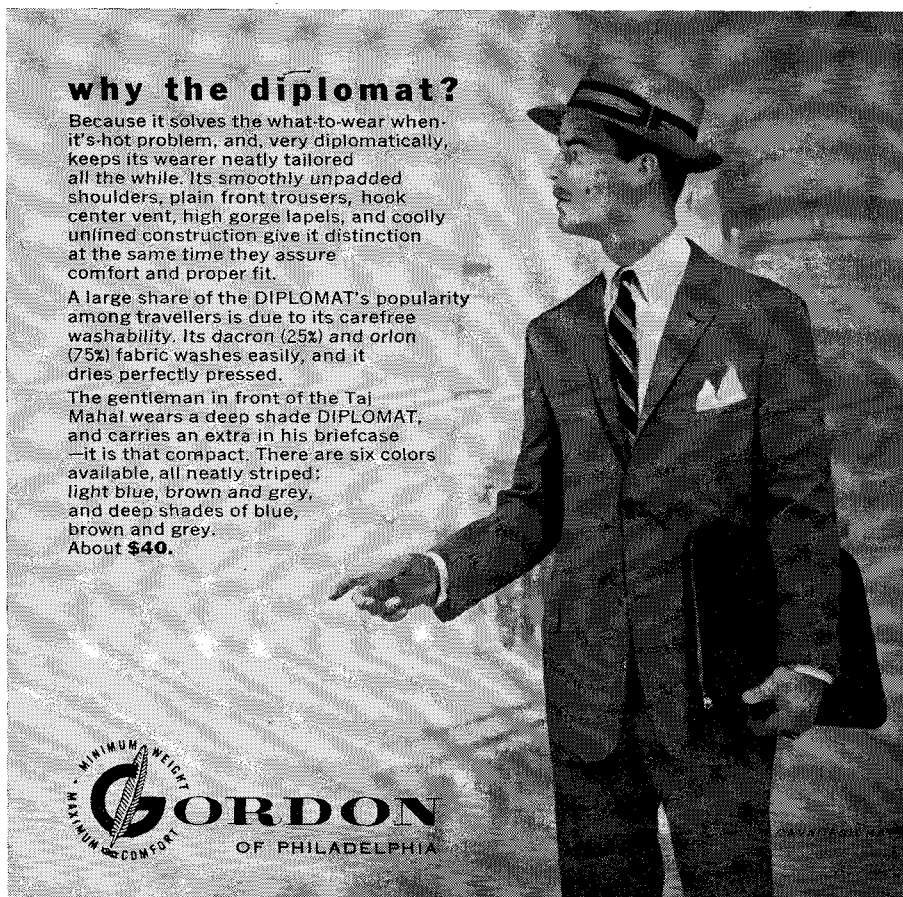
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in silence for a moment. "Oh," Constance said. "Sit down."

"Thank you," Pritchard said formally. He seated himself in the one easy chair. "I just came by for a minute. To say goodbye."

"Goodbye," Constance repeated stupidly. "Where're you going?"

"Home. Or at least to England. I thought I'd like to leave you my address," Pritchard said.

"Of course."

He reached over and picked up a piece of paper and her pen and wrote for a moment. "It's just a hotel," he said. "Until I find a place of my own." He put the paper down on the desk but kept the pen in his hand, playing with it. "Give you somebody else to write to," he said. "The English receiver of letters."

"Yes," she said.

"You can tell me what the snow's like," he said, "and how many times you came down the mountain in one day and who got drunk at the bar the night before."

"Isn't this sudden?" Constance asked. Somehow, after the first few days, it had never occurred to her that Pritchard might leave. He had been there when she arrived and he seemed to belong there so thoroughly, to be so much a part of the furniture of the place, that it was hard to conceive of being there without him.

"Not so sudden," Pritchard said. He stood up. "I wanted to say goodbye in private," he said. She wondered if he was going to kiss her. In all the three weeks, he hadn't as much as held her hand, and the only times he had touched her had been when he was helping her up after a particularly bad fall. But he made no move. He stood there, smiling curiously, playing with the pen, unusually untalkative, as though waiting for her to say something. "Well," he said, "will I see you later?"

"Yes," she said.

"We'll have a farewell dinner. They have veal on the menu, but I'll see if we can't get something better, in honor of the occasion." He put the pen down carefully on the desk. "Until later," he said, and went out, closing the door behind him.

Constance stared at the closed door. Everybody goes away, she thought. Unreasonably, she felt angry. She knew it was foolish, like a child protesting the end of a birthday party, but she couldn't help feeling that way. She looked around the room. It seemed cluttered and untidy to her, like the room of a silly and careless schoolgirl. She shook her head impatiently and began to put things in

place. She put the boots out in the hall and hung the parka in the closet and carried the box of Kleenex into the bathroom and gave the half bar of chocolate to the chambermaid. She straightened the coverlet of the bed and cleaned the ashtray and, on a sudden impulse, dropped the eyelash curler into the wastebasket. It's too piddling, she thought, to worry about curling your eyelashes.

PRITCHARD ordered a bottle of Burgundy with dinner, because Swiss wine, he said, was too thin to say farewell on. They didn't talk much during dinner. It was as though he had already departed a little. Once or twice, Constance almost started to tell him how grateful she was for his patience with her on the hills, but somehow it never came out, and the dinner became more and more uncomfortable for both of them. Pritchard ordered brandy with the coffee, and she drank it, although it gave her heartburn. The three-piece band began to play for the evening's dancing while they were drinking their brandy, and then it was too noisy to talk.

"Do you want to dance?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Good," he said. "I despise dancing."

"Let's get out of here," Constance said. "Let's take a walk."

They went to their rooms to get some warm clothes, and Pritchard was waiting for her outside the hotel door when she came down in her snow boots and the beaver coat her father had given her the year before. Pritchard was leaning against a pillar on the front porch and she stared at him for a moment before he turned around, and she was surprised to see how tired and suddenly old he seemed when he was unaware that he was being watched.

They walked down the main street, with the sounds of the band diminishing behind them. It was a clear night, and the stars shone above the mountains, electrically blue. At the top of the highest hill, at the end of the *téléphérique*, a single light glittered from the hut there, where you could warm yourself before the descent, and buy spiced hot wine and biscuits.

They walked down to the bottom of the street and crossed over onto the path alongside the dark skating rink. The ice reflected the stars dimly and there was the noise of water from the brook that ran along one side of the rink and scarcely ever froze.

They stopped at a small, snow-covered bridge, and Pritchard lit a cigarette. The lights of the town were distant now and the trees stood around

them in black silence. Pritchard put his head back, with the smoke escaping slowly from between his lips, and gestured up toward the light on top of the mountain.

"What a life," he said. "Those two people up there. Night after winter night alone on top of the hills, waiting for the world to arrive each morning." He took another puff of the cigarette. "They're not married, you know," he said. "Only the Swiss would think of putting two people who weren't married on top of a hill like that. He's an old man and she's a religious fanatic and they hate each other, but neither of them will give the other the satisfaction of taking another job." He chuckled as they both looked at the bright pinpoint above them. "Last year there was a blizzard and the *téléphérique* didn't run for a week and the power lines were down and they had to stay up there for six days and nights, breaking up chairs for firewood, living off chocolate and tins of soup, and not talking to each other." He stared reflectively at the faraway high light. "It will do as a symbol this year for this pretty continent," he said softly.

Suddenly Constance knew what she had to say. "Alan"—she moved squarely in front of him—"I don't want you to go."

Pritchard flicked at his cigarette. "Six days and six nights," he said. "For their hardness of heart."

"I don't want you to go."

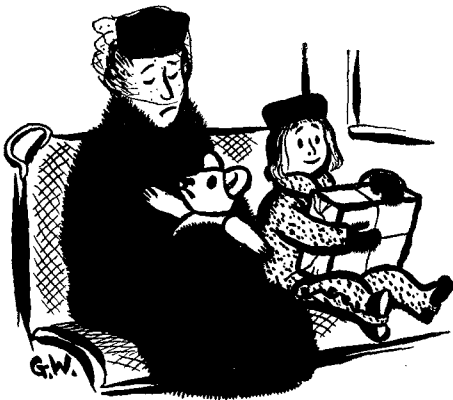
"I've been here for a long time," he said. "I've had the best of the snow."

"I want you to marry me," Constance said.

Pritchard looked at her. She could see he was trying to smile. "That's the wonderful thing about being twenty years old," he said. "You can say things like that."

"I said I want you to marry me."

He tossed away his cigarette. It glowed on the snow. He took a step toward her and kissed her. She could taste the fumed grape of the brandy faint on his lips. He held her for a moment, then stepped back and buttoned



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her coat, like a nurse being careful with a little girl. "The things that can happen to a man," he said. He shook his head slowly.

"Alan," Constance said.

"I take it all back," Pritchard said. "You're not at all like the girls who advertise soap and beer."

"Please," she said. "Don't make it hard."

"What do you know about me?"

He knocked the snow off the bridge railing and leaned against it, brushing the snow off his hands with a dry sound. "Haven't you ever been warned about the young men you're liable to meet in Europe?"

"Don't confuse me," she said. "Please."

"What about the chap in the leather frame?"

Constance took a deep breath. She could feel the cold tingling in her lungs. "I don't know," she said. "He's not here."

Pritchard chuckled, but it sounded sad. "Lost," he said. "Lost by an ocean."

"It's not only the ocean," she said.

They walked in silence again, listening to the sound of their boots on the frozen path. The moon was coming up between the peaks and reflecting milkily off the snow.

"You ought to know one bit of information," Pritchard said in a low voice, looking down at the long shadow the moon cast on the path ahead of him. "I've been married."

"Oh," Constance said. She was very careful to walk in the footprints of the others who had tamped the path down before her.

"Not gravely married," Pritchard said, looking up. "We were divorced two years ago. Does that make a difference to you?"

"Your business," Constance said.

"I must visit America someday," Pritchard said, chuckling. "They are breeding a new type."

"What else?" Constance asked.

"The next thing is unattractive," Pritchard said. "I don't have a pound. I haven't worked since the war. I've been living off what was left of my mother's jewelry. There wasn't much and I sold the last brooch in Zurich last week. That's why I have to go back, even if there were no other reasons. You can see," he said, grinning painfully, "you've picked the prize of the litter."

"What else?" Constance asked.

"Do you still want to hear more?"

"Yes."

"I would never live in America,"

Pritchard said. "I'm a weary, poverty-stricken, grounded old R.A.F. type, and I'm committed to another place. Come on." He took her elbow brusquely, as though he didn't want to talk any more. "It's late. We'd better get to the hotel."

Constance hung back. "You're not telling me everything," she said.

"Isn't that enough?"

"No."

"All right," he said. "I couldn't go with you to America if I wanted to."

"Why not?"

"Because they wouldn't let me in."

"Why not?" Constance asked, puzzled.

"Because I am host to the worm," Pritchard said.

"What're you talking about?"

"Swiss for delicate," he said harshly. "They kicked D. H. Lawrence out of New Mexico and made him die along the Riviera for it. You can't blame them. They have enough diseases of their own. Now let's go back to the hotel."

"But you seem so healthy. You ski—"

"Everybody dies here in the best of health," Pritchard said. "It goes up and down with me. I almost get cured, then the next year"—he shrugged and chuckled soundlessly—"the next year I get almost uncured. The doctors hold their heads when they see me going up in the lift. Go home," he said. "I'm not for you. I'm oppressed. And you're not oppressed. It is the final miscegenation. Now shall we go back to the hotel?"

Constance nodded. They walked slowly. The town on the hill ahead of them was almost completely dark now, but they could hear the music of the dance band, thin and distant in the clear night air.

"I don't care," Constance said as they came to the first buildings. "I don't care about anything."

"When I was twenty—" Pritchard said. "When I was twenty I once said the same thing."

"First, we'll be practical," Constance said. "You'll need money to stay here. I'll give it to you tomorrow."

"I can't take your money."

"It's not mine," Constance said.

"It's my father's."

"England is forever in your debt,"

Pritchard said. He was trying to smile.

"Be careful of me."

"What do you mean?"

"I am beginning to feel as though I can be consoled."

"What's wrong with that?"

"It can prove to be mortal," Pritch-

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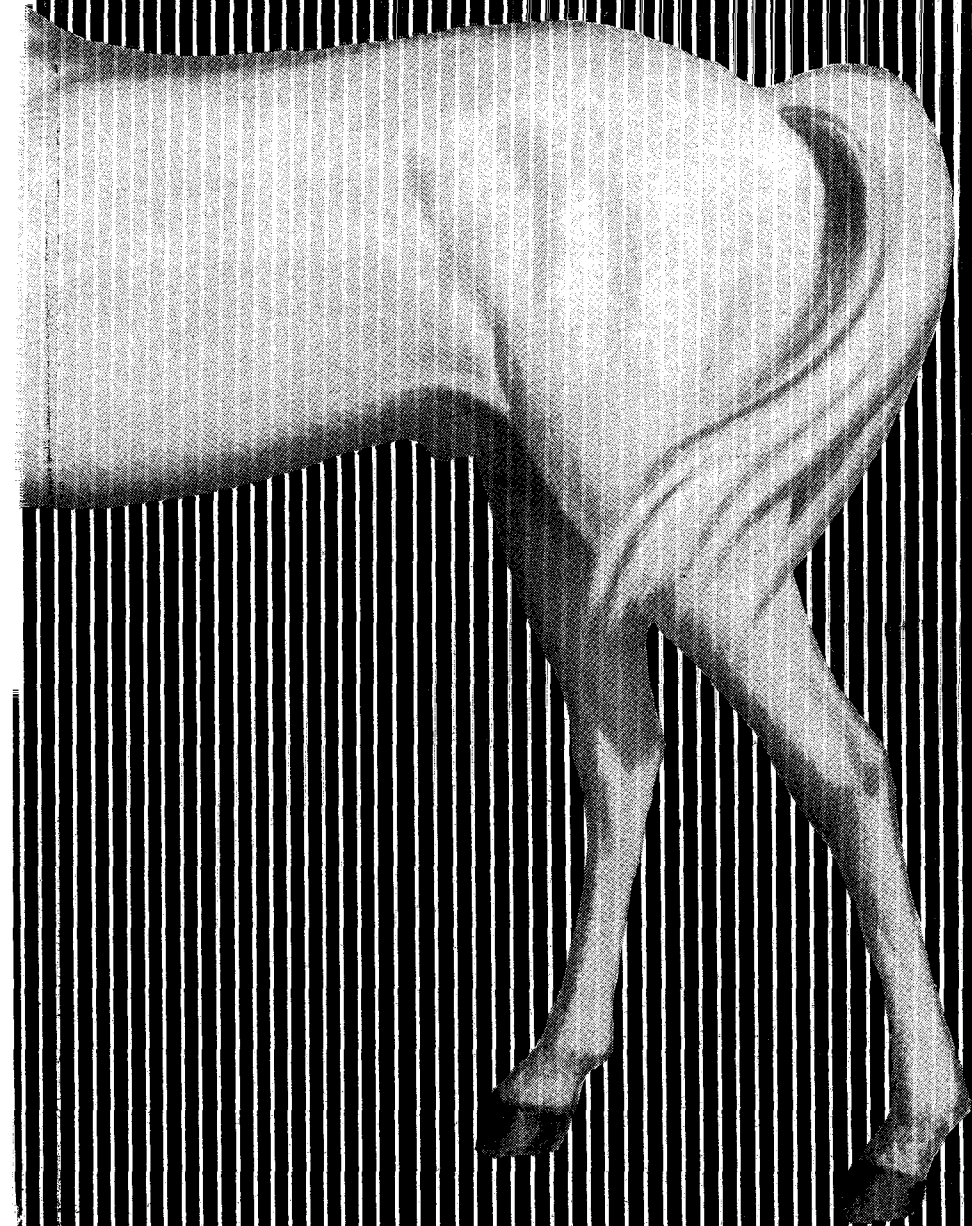
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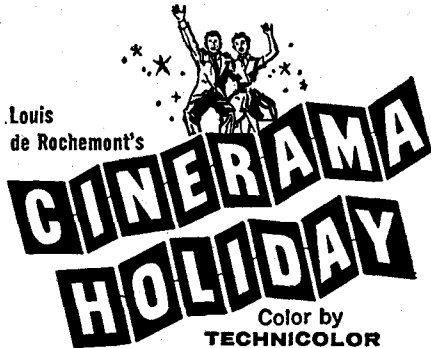
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ard whispered, taking her clumsily and
bulkily in his arms, "for those of us who
are inconsolable."

WHEN they woke in the morning,
they were solemn at first, and
disconnectedly discussed the weather,
which was revealed through the not
quite closed curtains to be gray and un-
certain. But then Pritchard asked,
"How do you feel?" and Constance,
taking her time and wrinkling her eye-
brows in a deep attempt to be accurate,
said, "I feel *enormously* grown up." Pritchard couldn't help roaring with
laughter, and all solemnity was gone. They lay there comfortably discussing
themselves, going over their future like
misers, and Constance was worried, al-
though not too seriously, about scan-
dalizing the hotel people, and Pritchard
said that there was nothing to worry
about—nothing that foreigners could do
could scandalize the Swiss—and Con-
stance felt more comfortable than ever
at being in such a civilized country.

They made plans about the wedding,
and Pritchard said they'd go to the
French part of Switzerland to get
married, because he didn't want to get
married in German, and Constance
said she was sorry she hadn't thought
of it herself.

Then they decided to get dressed, be-
cause you could not spend the rest of
your life in bed, and Constance had a
sorrowful, stinging moment when she
saw how thin he was, and thought, con-
spiratorially, Eggs, milk, butter, rest. They went out of the room together,
bravely determined to brazen it out, but
there was no one in the corridor or on
the stairway to see them, so they had
the double pleasure of being candid and
being unobserved at the same time,
which Constance regarded as an omen
of good luck. They discovered that it
was almost time for lunch, so they had
some kirsch first, and then orange juice
and bacon and eggs and wonderful,
dark coffee in the scrubbed, wood-
panelled dining room, and in the mid-
dle of it tears came into Constance's
eyes and Pritchard asked why she was
crying and she said, "I'm thinking of
all the breakfasts we're going to eat
together." Pritchard's eyes got a little
wet then, too, as he stared across the
table at her, and she said, "You must
cry often, please."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it's so un-English," she
said, and they both laughed.

After breakfast, Pritchard said he
was going up the hill to make a few
runs and asked if she wanted to go with
him, but she said she felt too melodious

that day to ski, and he grinned at the
"melodious."

She said she was going to write some
letters, and he grew thoughtful. "If I
were a gentleman, I'd write your father
immediately and explain everything,"
he said.

"Don't you dare," she said, meaning
it, because she knew her father would
be over on the next plane if he got a
letter like that.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm not
that much of a gentleman."

She watched him stride off between
the snowbanks with his red sweater
and his skis, looking boyish and jaunty,
and then went to her room and wrote
a letter to Mark, saying that she had
thought it over and that she was sorry
but she had decided it was a mistake. She wrote the letter calmly, without
feeling anything, cozy in her warm
room. She didn't mention Pritchard,
because that was none of Mark's busi-
ness.

Then she wrote a letter to her father
and told him that she had broken off
with Mark. She didn't mention Prit-
chard in the letter to her father, either,
because she didn't want him over on the
next plane, and she didn't say anything
about coming home. All that could
wait.

She sealed the letters, then lay down
dreamily to nap, and slept without
dreaming for more than an hour. She
dressed for the snow and went to the
post office to mail the letters and walked
down to the skating rink to watch the
children on the ice, and on her way back
to the hotel she stopped at the ski shop
and bought Pritchard a lightweight yel-
low sweater, because soon the sun
would be very hot all day and the
clothes of winter would all be too warm.

She was in the bar, waiting unhur-
riedly for Pritchard, when she heard
that he was dead.

Nobody had come to tell her, be-
cause there was no particular reason
for anybody to come to tell her.

There was an instructor with whom
Pritchard had sometimes skied talking
in the bar to some Americans, and he
was saying, "He was out of control and
he miscalculated and he went into a
tree and he was dead in five minutes.
He was a jolly fine fellow"—the ski
teacher had learned his English from his
British pupils before the war—"but he
went too fast. He did not have the tech-
nique to handle the speed."

The ski teacher did not sound as
though it were routine to die on skis, but
he did not sound surprised. He himself
had had many of his bones broken, as
had all his friends, crashing into trees

and stone walls and from falls in the summertime, when he was a guide for climbers, and he sounded as though it were inevitable, and even just, that from time to time people paid up to the mountain for faults of technique.

Constance stayed for the funeral, walking behind the black-draped sled to the churchyard and the hole in the snow and the unexpected dark color of the earth after the complete white of the winter. No one came from England, because there was no one to come, although the ex-wife telegraphed flowers. A good many of the villagers came, but merely as friends, and some of the other skiers, who had known Pritchard casually, and as far as anyone could tell, Constance was just one of them.

At the grave, the ski teacher, with the professional habit of repetition common to teachers, said, "He did not have the technique for that much speed."

Constance didn't know what to do with the yellow sweater, and she finally gave it to the chambermaid for her husband.

EIGHT days later, Constance was in New York. Her father was waiting for her on the pier and she waved to him and he waved back, and she could tell, even at that distance, how glad he was to see her again. They kissed when she walked off the gangplank, and he hugged her, very hard, then held her off at arm's length and stared at her delightedly, and said, "God, you look absolutely wonderful! See," he said, and she wished he hadn't said it, but she realized he couldn't help himself. "See—wasn't I right? Didn't I know what I was talking about?"

"Yes, Father," she said, thinking, How could I ever have been angry with him? He's not stupid or mean or selfish or uncomprehending—he is merely alone.

Holding her hand the way he used to do while they took walks together when she was a little girl, he led her into the customs shed, to wait for her trunk to come off the ship.

—IRWIN SHAW

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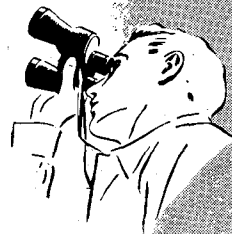
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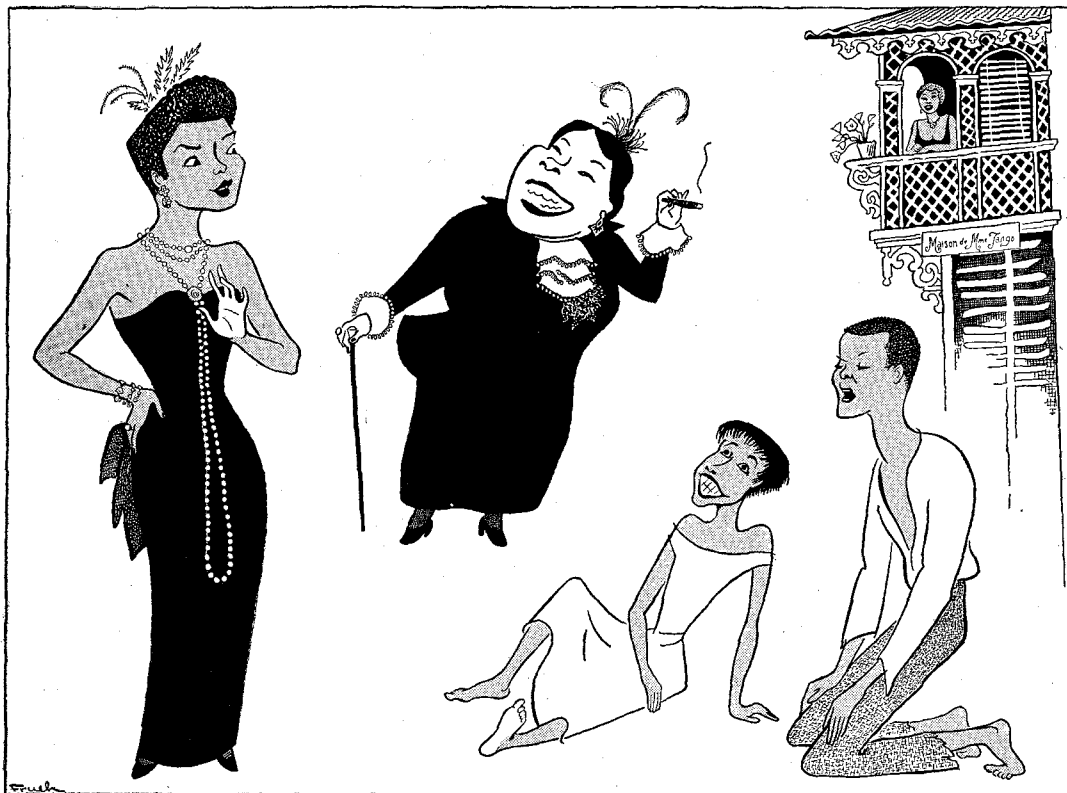
FOR quite a while, it seemed as if "The Southwest Corner," at the Holiday, was going to turn out to be a melodrama, and a good one. There was a nice old lady of eighty-three who lived on a lonely hilltop in Vermont. The house she occupied was very old, too—it was built in 1802—and it had no telephone or electric lights, and there was one room, off the kitchen, that no one went into any more. Except for a cat, she lived alone; a shambling handyman, who lived down the road, dropped in from time to time to chop her wood and, more particularly, to see that she was still alive. Because the upkeep of the house was too much for her, she had advertised for a companion, offering room and board while she lived and the house itself, with all its antique contents, after her death. The play opened on a winter evening, with the arrival of the successful candi-

date, a bustling widow from a Boston suburb. There was no manifest villainy about this woman, unless a passion for radio, television, and crime-confession magazines and an allergy to cats can be described as such, but there was something in the smug satisfaction with which she regarded her future heritage that boded little good. The curtain fell, and everything seemed promising indeed.

Presently, however, it developed that the author's intention (John Cecil Holm adapted the play from a novel by Mildred Walker) was something else. The heroine's murder in a literal sense was not contemplated at all, but only her slow and agonizing death through boredom and frustration. At heart, in fact, the companion was rather a good woman—clean, energetic, and easily reconciled to exterior plumbing; she was just a terrible talker, dwelling with special

relish on the imminence of death. It is, I'm sure, a far more difficult literary feat to describe the spiritual annihilation of a human being than to describe a simply physical act of murder, and unless it is done in a really masterly fashion, it is apt to be wearing on the listener, and I'm afraid this is somewhat the case with "The Southwest Corner." The hacking away at the old lady's mind goes on for a full two hours (a comparatively happy, though highly arbitrary, ending takes about ten minutes), and though Mr. Holm often reports the conversation of an unspeakable bore with considerable humor and accuracy, the effect is sometimes numbing. The conspiracy, as the evening wore on, began to seem aimed against my mind, too, and I had an uneasy feeling that it might well be successful. There was, I regret to say, nothing in the sealed-off room except old furniture; the companion's horror of cats had no significance whatever; the handyman's imbecility was not assumed but only too real; and when the old lady went out into the night, defying the lightning, she came back not even damp. Seldom, I think, have so many eerie and splendid opportunities been so completely overlooked. It was all very disappointing.

While Eva Le Gallienne ostensibly has the principal role as the badgered antique, and performs it with dignity and charm, far greater opportunities are provided for Enid Markey, as her dreadful visitor, and Parker Fennelly, as the handyman. They are both remarkably accomplished comics, and their strange, disjointed arguments about nothing and everything are wonderful to hear. The others include Ray Boyle and Jean Gillespie, as a couple of young lovers whose connection with the plot is almost imperceptible, and Frank Tweddell and Frieda Altman, who have character roles of a standard, if not a substandard, kind. Ralph Alswang's New England kitchen would have done very nicely for a revival of "Ethan



"HOUSE OF FLOWERS"

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Frome," which might have been not at all a bad idea.

IT was certainly gracious, if conceivably a shade presumptuous, of Joshua Logan to attempt to recast "The Cherry Orchard" in a form that his countrymen would find more readily digestible by transporting that great Russian epic to the Deep South and adjusting its idiom to the native American ear. However, after witnessing the revival of his version, which is called "The Wisteria Trees," last week at the City Center, I am still convinced, as I was when I first saw it, five years ago, that the enterprise is not an entirely fortunate one. It is probably true that the doomed plantation owners of post-bellum Louisiana correspond fairly closely as a social class to Chekhov's exhausted aristocrats, and the language they speak has something of the same unbounded despair, but the events themselves and the characters' reactions to them transplant far less successfully. We can believe the happenings and the people in "The Cherry Orchard" partly because we have complete confidence in the author's veracity and partly because there is nothing definite in our experience to contradict them. Russia under the czars is remote and inscrutable, and it is easy to believe anything we are told about it, but the same personalities and actions moved to a time and place with which we are thoroughly familiar from our own literature, if not our personal experience, are harder to accept, or at least to take seriously. The indolence, irresponsibility, and fatalistic resignation to change and decay that are so picturesque and moving in a Slavic society don't seem to have the same stature in our own. Southern decadence has been treated by a good many of our own playwrights, including Lillian Hellman, Tennessee Williams, and Erskine Caldwell, but while their protagonists have been conclusively damned, there hasn't been a great deal of grandeur about them, and it is possible that the fact of a dying culture doesn't seem to us or our writers quite the same kind of loss that it did to the Russians. Southern chivalry was an ornamental tradition, but really neither an ancient nor a highly cultivated one, and its end was pathetic, rather than authentically tragic. It might also be said that for many of us the Old South, both in life and in death, has taken on a certain humorous aspect, and its types have come to seem like figures in a comic strip. Altogether, the offering at the Center has a curiously schizophrenic air—half Russian, half

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American; half ludicrous, half sad—and in spite of some genuinely affecting moments, attributable mostly to Helen Hayes' magnificent performance in the leading role, I am afraid you will find it a rather empty and confusing experience.

In addition to Miss Hayes, the cast includes Ella Raines, Walter Matthau, Bramwell Fletcher, Will Geer, Lois Smith, Ossie Davis, Alonzo Bosan, and Cliff Robertson. They all seemed capable enough to me, though some of their ventures into Southern dialect may have been ill-advised.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

WHAT BOOK D'YA READ?

When he left the Commons, he said "10 Downing Street, Thompson." There was a gleam in his eye, but even he did not anticipate his exact appointment.

For when he emerged from No. 10 to join Mrs. Churchill in the back of the car he said "It's the Admiralty," and added with a pleased chuckle, "that's a lot better than I thought!"—"I Was Churchill's Shadow," by ex-Detective-Inspector W. H. Thompson.

Suddenly the 'phone rang; it was a call for Mr. Churchill. "I'll take it in the bedroom," he said, and there was something in his tone which made it crystal clear to all of us that, whatever the news, whether "they" wanted him or whether they did not, Winston at that moment needed to be alone.

We sat and waited, with hardly a word exchanged. To break the tension I went out into the hall, only to find our maid standing at the kitchen door crying her eyes out. I went back to the sitting-room, wondering how much longer the call would last, wishing that Winston would return with the news we all longed for. A moment later he opened the door, stood with the fingers of both hands spread on his waistcoat, and looked round at us with a hint of a smile on his lips and more than a hint of tears in his eyes. There was a moment's silence before Mrs. Churchill said, with a voice full of kindness: "Tell me."

Mr. Churchill cleared his throat. "They have given me a job again—I am First Lord of the Admiralty."—"Mr Showbusiness," by Vic Oliver.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Concord (N.H.) Monitor]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13 (AP)—Police Sgt. Wilhelm Neuhaus set out to catch two burglars yesterday but ended up instead with a police captain, a lieutenant and 40 prisoners.

Neuhaus received a call that two men were breaking into the basement of a candy store. He rushed to the scene, found the cellar door open, heard noise and barged in.

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THE RACE TRACK

Winners and Losers



ALFRID VANDERBILT's Social Outcast made such a good try behind Blessbull in the Palm Beach Handicap a fortnight ago that

almost nobody was surprised last weekend when he won the McLennan Handicap at Hialeah. I suppose it will always be difficult to write judicially about a performance by Social Outcast, because he was so completely overshadowed by his stablemate Native Dancer that he has never seemed quite top class. Be that as it may, he rates full marks for his race in the McLennan; he carried the most weight, had to go the long way around, and nosed out Artismo, to whom he gave ten pounds, at the end of a hard drive. For the record, Ram o' War was third, and the also-rans were the best lot seen so far at the meeting. No doubt Social Outcast will be the favorite for the Widener Handicap next weekend.

Well, Boston Doge made it eight straight the other afternoon, winning the Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah. From all accounts, however, he had a harder time than he'd had in any of his previous starts. The distance was a furlong more than he'd raced before, but that helped him more than it bothered him, for he didn't take the lead until he was a dozen strides from the winning post. The trouble was that he was so slow to get going. Perhaps he's had too much racing. Anyhow, I have an uncomfortable premonition that he'll be beaten the next time out.

THERE'S an old saying that all things, good or bad, go by threes, and if it's true, Calumet Farm's Miz Clementine is certainly due for a change of luck. She's had her share of the bad kind at Santa Anita. First, the stewards ordered her scratched from the Santa Maria Handicap—a race that looked like a pushover for her—because she didn't arrive at the receiving barn in the paddock on time. A week later, she jostled Determine in the Maturity Stakes and her number was taken down after she'd finished first. And last weekend Blue Butterfly beat her by a matter of inches in the Santa Margarita Handicap, the big prize of the meeting for fillies and mares. Handled by Neves, who had ridden his twenty-five-hundredth winner earlier in the week, Miz Clementine carried a hundred and

thirty pounds and set most of the pace. Had she been able to stick it out, she would have been the first to win the Santa Margarita under such high weight. The defeat of Miz Clementine wasn't Calumet's only spot of bad luck. The same afternoon, Trentonian, the stable's hope for the Santa Anita Derby, finished third to Jean's Joe and Beau Busher in the San Felipe Handicap. No wonder Ben Jones is thinking of taking the stable East this spring.

There's a certain ironic humor in the aftermath of the Maturity Stakes. As you may have heard, Arcaro, who rode Miz Clementine, was set down for ten days. Before the suspension went into effect, though, he won the San Carlos Handicap on Porterhouse, beating Imbros, the red-hot favorite. Imbros is owned by Andy Crevolin, who also owns Determine.

AT the request of an inquiring horseplayer, Colonel Martingale investigated the Jockey Club ruling that limits the name of a thoroughbred to fourteen letters (spaces and punctuation marks count as letters) and no more than three words. Mrs. Lillian Brennan, the registrar, told him the reason is that fourteen typewritten letters are all there is room for on the top line of the Jockey Club's index file cards. Her predecessor asked for the ruling and got it. It's as simple as that. Before the rule was passed, about twenty years ago, naming horses was a go-as-you-please business. There's a story—this happened long before my time—that once, in a spirit of whimsy, Captain E. B. Cassat, a member of the Jockey Club, named one of his racers The Choirmaster of Chesterbrook. The colt was a good one and, before long, became the despair of sports-page headline writers. The working press protested to the Captain, who said he was sorry but it was too late for anything to be done. He said he'd keep the matter in mind, though, and he did. The next horse he named he called Be.

—AUDAX MINOR

Harry M. Wootten, consultant to the tobacco industry, smoked an estimated 369 billion cigarettes in the year ending at midnight Dec. 31, a drop of 25 billion smokes.

—Mamaroneck (N.Y.) Times.
He's getting scared.

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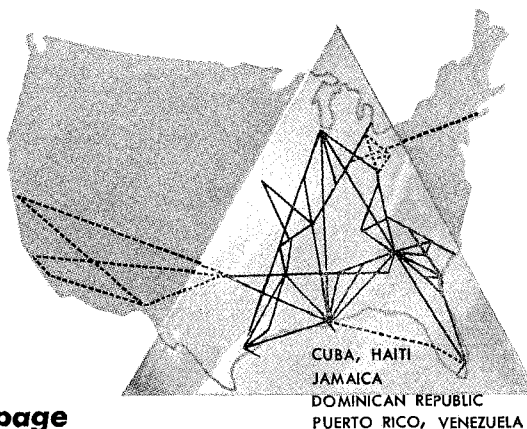
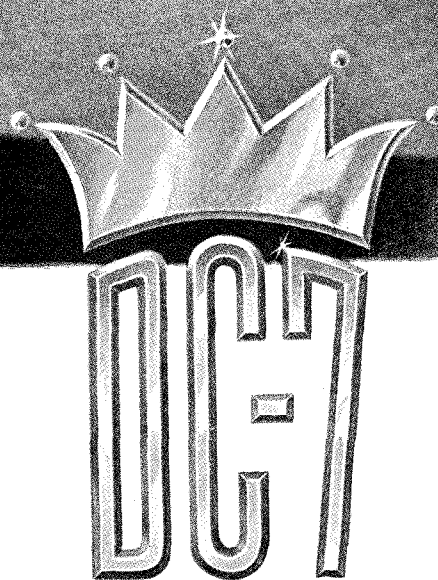


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Don't Know? Then see last inside page



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THE ART GALLERIES

Grand Tour



THE focus this week is again on the Europeans, for the shows include an exhibition of modern French and Dutch primitives at the Kleemann Galleries, an assortment of contemporary German artists at the Martha Jackson, and a small retrospective of Raoul Dufy (who in his younger, Fauvist days might have been called a primitive himself) at the Perls. I found the German collection the most interesting, principally because of the glimpse it affords of a field that has so far been scantily represented here. Very little postwar German art has appeared in this country, and of the six men in the Jackson affair only two—Willi Baumeister and Fritz Winter—are known to us at all; of these, Winter has had only two New York exhibitions, while we know more of Baumeister historically, because of his early associations with Klee and others of what later became the Bauhaus group, than we do of his paintings.

Winter has but four canvases at the Jackson, and since all seem to be of the same period and fairly recent, they do little more than confirm the current impression that he works mainly in a broadly calligraphic style, rather sombre for the most part but revealing a considerable gift for fluent composition. Baumeister, though he has only five pieces on view (the whole show, unfortunately, is too small to be really illuminating), comes off better, for his range is wider, both in subject and in manner. He is, indeed, one of the stars of the show, along with two of the newcomers, Rolf Cavael and Hans Jaenisch. Baumeister's debt to Klee is plain, notably in such pieces as "Hide and Seek," with its scampering little figures, and the charming, though slightly cabalistic, "Relief with Yellow." But the influence is mainly one of mood, not style, and there's a gay, almost impish quality about his work that seems all his own. I liked especially, too, his "Yellow Painting," a sparsely patterned, airy abstraction filled with floating, flag-like forms that recall the tattered banners of Lurcat.

Cavael and Jaenisch are more sober in mood. In fact, the paintings all through the show are generally low in key and muted in color—possibly an aftereffect of the fact that most of the artists, being modernists and hence "degenerate,"

suffered during the long Nazi regime, an experience that might have a lasting impact on anyone's philosophy. Jaenisch shows both paintings and sculpture, including, in the latter medium, an agreeable, somewhat constructivist bronze called "Rider" and a bound, seated figure, called "Captured," which was one of the regional place winners in the "Unknown Political Prisoner" contest some years ago. His painting, though possibly too restricted in color (he runs almost entirely to light grays and greens), is remarkably supple in line and pattern—in contrast to Cavael, who goes in more for blockier, solider forms, denser patterns, and richer, though still fairly sombre, color. I was taken particularly by Jaenisch's smoothly textured "Green Landscape" and his interestingly involuted "Arena," as for Cavael, I liked the large "Composition 54/231," which has a certain still-life suggestion, and the smaller, more tightly patterned "Composition 54/224." Of the remaining men in the group, one, the constructivist sculptor Hans Uhlmann, has only two pieces in the show—both cleanly fashioned, in steel, but hardly enough to give much impression of his qualities as an artist. The other, Heinz Trökes, shows oils that—except for "City Forest," which has a curiously green, tangled appeal—seem too fussy and arbitrary in design to be truly attractive. As I suggested, it's too bad the show isn't larger, but even so, it's an absorbing venture into what is to us fairly new territory.

DUFY may have been a primitive at one time (all the Fauvists were once so regarded), but the exhibition at the Perls—the first one of any size since his death, a couple of years ago—takes us back even further in his career than that, to a pair of landscapes, "Harfleur" and "Aux Martigues," done in 1903, when he was still, I believe, a student at the Beaux-Arts and still working in the academic manner. From there on, the exhibition provides a brisk but quite comprehensive survey of his work, concluding with the large and extremely handsome "Concert Rouge au Pianiste," of a symphony orchestra and its audience, which was painted in 1951, just two years before he died.

"Concert Rouge" testifies to Dufy's lifelong love of music, as do his "Homage à J. S. Bach" and "Mozart." "L'Entrainement au Bois" and "Ascot: Avant la Course" show his love for that

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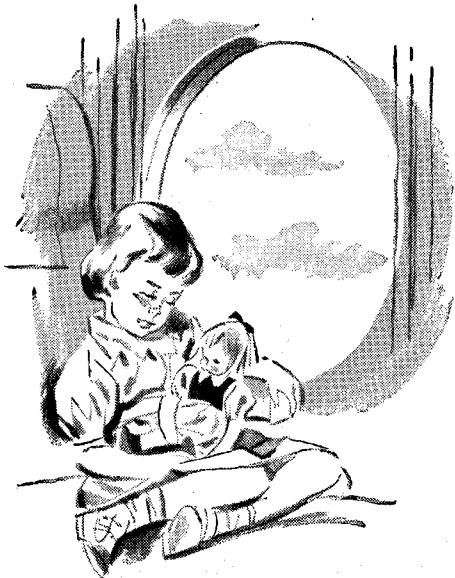
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mingling of elegance and movement one sees when society dabbles in sports, while "Portrait du Poète François Berthault" indicates his extraordinary ability to capture a likeness when he wanted to. It's his landscapes, though, that dominate the show, and thanks largely to them he appears a much stronger, more forceful painter than, particularly in his later years, he was generally considered. To be sure, there are occasions when his fateful facility runs away with him (as in "Le Port de New York" and "Les Mannequins aux Courses," both so flimsy that they look more like sketches than finished paintings). But against these one has such excellent work as the crisply handled, yet fully realized, "Vue sur Sainte-Adresse," "Le Port de Marseille" (with, of course, the famous *transbordeur*), and the lighter, though still charming, "Promenade à Sainte-Adresse." I admired, too, "Paysage de l'Estérel" and the strikingly dark "La Promenade au Bord de la Mer," both much denser and richer in color than was usual with him.

FIVE Frenchmen and one Dutchman are on the list at the Kleemann, and I must confess that the show's main effect on me was surprise that so many primitive painters, and quite good ones, could be dug up abroad. Until then, I had thought the so-called Paris Group, of Bombois, Bauchant, and so on, contained them all. I'm afraid these new men don't quite come up to those others—in finish, at least—but it's a gay little show, for all that, and I especially enjoyed the Dutch artist Jan van Weert's snow and hunting scenes, François Boillauges's studies of shop fronts in Paris ("Boucherie," "Vins et Liqueurs," etc.), and Jacques de Schryver's more atmospheric and very effective interiors, such as "Bien Arrivés" and "Chambre à la Mer."

—ROBERT M. COATES

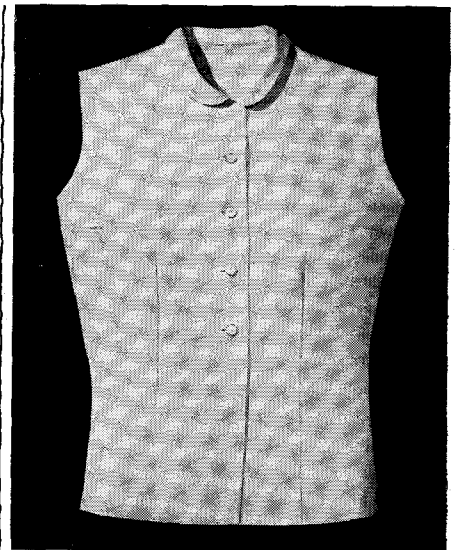
UH HUH DEPARTMENT*[From the Times]*

LONDON, Jan. 18 (UP)—Britain, which produced the steam engine and the first jet plane, introduced alcoholic milk today.

It is called Noggo and comes in four flavors, whisky, brandy, rum and gin. It is said to be a painless hangover preventive.

Democrats were virtually pledged to support his plea; major opposition was expected to come from the protectionist wind of the GOP.—*Business & Industry.*

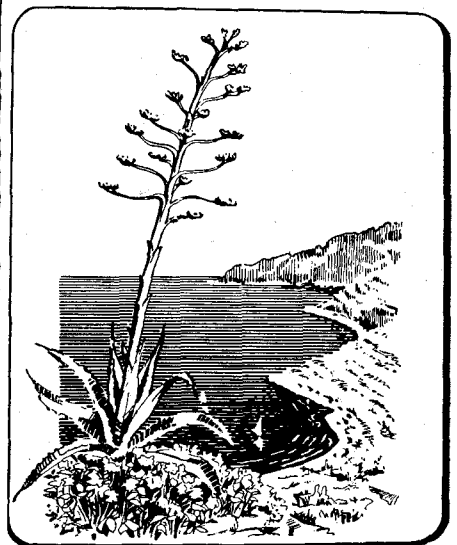
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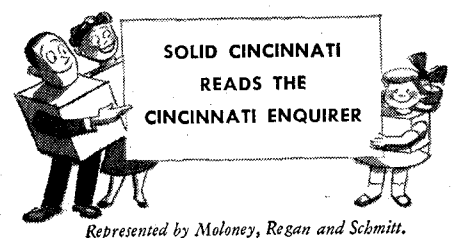
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOW that formal declarations of war have apparently become more or less a thing of the past, most of the powerful nations of the world are taking the position that the only safe procedure for meeting the threat of an unexpected enemy attack is to mount a comprehensive round-the-clock guard at their borders. In this country, jet interceptor planes stand constantly ready to deal with any alarm that may be received from a network of radar installations and other observation posts on the ground and at sea. The task of the crews who man these planes is necessarily a vague and trying one, but it is also, in view of the finality of modern weapons, one that is grimly crucial. Forever on the alert to intercept hostile aircraft and in a state of suspense for which there is little emotional outlet, our jet-fighter crews rarely go twenty-four hours without being called upon to "scramble"—the Air Force term for answering alarms that planes of unknown origin, or "bogeys," are approaching the United States. (So far, happily, all the bogeys have turned out to be off-course commercial or private planes, whose passengers respond with varying degrees of consternation as the roaring, armed jets swoop past their windows.) Not long ago, I visited one of the jet-fighter stations that have been set up by the Eastern Air Defense Force to protect New York and the cities lying within a few hundred miles of it north and south along the Atlantic coast. I wanted to meet some of the fliers, find out how they were bearing up under the strain of their perpetual vigil, and learn what they thought of their exacting duties. I also hoped to hear something of their scrambles, and perhaps, if things broke right, to see one take to the air. The station I visited, at the suggestion of the Air Force, was that of the 58th Squadron, a part of the 4707th Air Defense Wing, at the Otis Air Force Base, which is near Cataumet, five miles inland from Buzzards Bay, on Cape Cod. The pilots of the 58th, which shares the base with another fighter-interceptor squad-

THE HOT PHONE

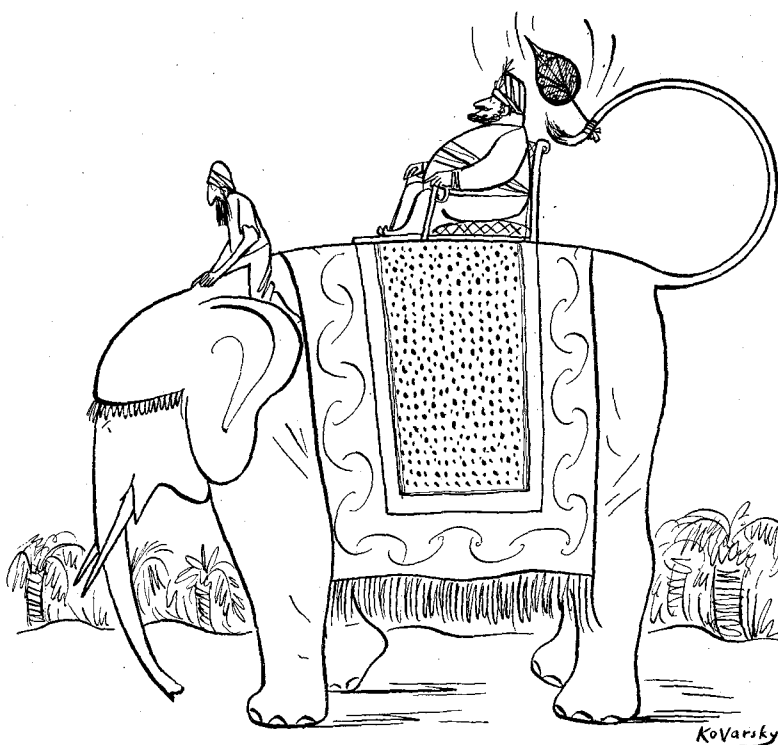
ron—the 437th—and a number of maintenance squadrons, need only climb to an altitude of thirty-five thousand feet and fly southward a few minutes to see New York, two hundred miles away, while Boston, of course, is practically under their noses. In appearance, Otis is much like any other Air Force base, whether for jet-driven craft or planes of propeller vintage. Its flat acres, barren and dusty, stretch for miles, interspersed with hangars, landing strips, barracks, service men's lounges, and a hospital; its personnel, young and confident, affects the jauntness that, one feels, has probably characterized all flying men, from Icarus on down.

The men at Otis differ from their comrades at propeller-plane bases in that they breezily employ a vocabulary that is special even in the Air Force—"lighting up" is jetese for "starting the engine," "leaping off" means "taking off," and so on. But what really sets a jet-fighter base such as Otis apart is, of course, the nature of the planes themselves. Just coming upon a flock of them parked on the ground is likely to give one a feeling of awe. Propellerless, with their cavernous air ducts blackened and gaping, their two-seater bodies of unpainted aluminum glittering brightly, and their wings swept back in nervous lines, the machines convey a sense of miraculous power. This is almost excruciatingly intensified when a jet leaps off, rushing forward with an

earsplitting angry scream and with seemingly irresistible force, a six-foot ball of flame shooting out from its tail. A moment later, the jet has been lost in the sky, so far up that while the ear can detect its still angry whine, the eye perceives only a wispy trail of smoke as its pilot streaks through the upper atmosphere—a skywriter with a message never really comprehensible to the earthbound. Standing on the ground, one finds it hard to believe that way up there, invisible in their invisible plane and hurtling along at an inconceivable speed, just this side of the sound barrier, are the two ordinary-looking young men who almost no time ago were climbing into their cockpits on the field. And even if the plane is simply off on a routine flight, one does not find oneself altogether at ease. Perhaps the pilot, feeling unusually jaunty today under his Plexiglas canopy, will decide to shatter the air with a sonic boom by pushing past Mach 1—the point at which a plane's air speed is the same as the speed of sound. (He isn't supposed to do this when he is near populated areas, because the resulting blast may bring on heart attacks and break windows. While the F-94Cs, or Starfires, which are the planes used at Otis, can't quite breach the barrier when they are flying level, a slight dive at full speed will turn the trick, and pilots have been known to think up ingenious explanations of why a slight dive was necessary or unavoidable.) Finally, if the jet is participating in an actual scramble, the watcher on

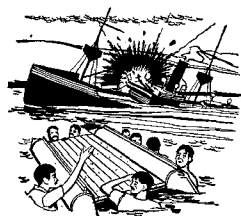
the ground can't help wondering whether the flight now in progress will lead to just another off-course civilian plane or whether the unwanted climactic justification of the jet field's existence has finally materialized.

IT doesn't take a visitor to Otis long to realize that being part of an organization that, week in and week out, holds itself ready for an emergency on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis creates an atmosphere of restless uneasiness. That this was not just a personal impression of mine was borne out soon after my arrival there, during a



"¡Valiente!" cried the Spanish admiral

He cheered as his launch fished this man and seven more waterlogged American sailors out of Santiago Harbor, Cuba, on the morning of June 4, 1898. This was straining Spanish chivalry to the break-



ing point, for Richmond Hobson (right) and his little suicide crew had spent the previous night taking a ship into the harbor entrance under a hail of cannonade and deliberately sinking her

to bottle up the Spanish fleet.

Hobson, who planned and supervised every detail of the operation, from placing the scuttling charges to dropping anchor under fire, was actually an engineer, not a line officer.

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talk I had with Colonel George H. Kojac, a big, broad-faced, black-haired man in his forties who is the flight surgeon at the base. I was introduced to Kojac by Lieutenant Jack Lacy, a former combat pilot who was stationed in England during the Second World War and is now the public-information officer at Otis. I recognized Kojac's name at once; he was a schoolboy hero of mine back in 1928, when, as a teen-ager himself, he won the hundred-metre backstroke swimming championship for the United States at the Olympic Games in Amsterdam. Lacy soon left us together in Kojac's office in the Otis hospital, and I congratulated him on his ancient victory; he smiled and said all that seemed very long ago and far away. Then I told him that, like everybody else, I had heard a lot of general talk about the deleterious effects that speed and high altitudes have on fliers, and was interested in finding out about some of the occupational hazards peculiar to modern flying.

First off, Kojac told me, it should be remembered that man was not made for flying, and that a good deal of adjustment—partly physiological and partly mechanical—is necessary to keep the human body alive when it is aloft. Normally, the blood in a man's arteries is about ninety-seven per cent saturated with oxygen—a percentage that falls off sharply as he rises above the earth. At eighteen thousand feet, there is only half as much oxygen available as there is at sea level, and at forty thousand feet a man dependent on the oxygen in the atmosphere would pass out in less than fifteen seconds; at sixty-three thousand, the atmospheric pressure is so low that his blood would literally boil, because of the expansion of the nitrogen in it. To compensate for the drastic changes in the amount of oxygen and the degree of pressure encountered at high altitudes, oxygen apparatus and pressurized cabins have been developed that automatically adjust themselves to varying atmospheric conditions, but notwithstanding these, Kojac said, the fliers at Otis are subject to certain ailments that would never afflict them if they stayed on the ground. The very oxygen they depend on may, if it is inhaled steadily over a period of hours by a man whose aural passages are obstructed by a cold, bring on *barotitis media*—a severe pain in the middle ear. If a flier is suffering from hay fever, the openings to his sinuses may become blocked, so that if he goes into a long dive the pressure from within and without cannot be equalized; this produces *barosinusitis*. "I've even known fliers to land with

toothaches, caused by air that gets trapped in an unsuspected abscess during a climb," Kojac said. "And those toothaches can make a fellow black out."

If gas-forming foods and drinks, such as melons, cabbages, radishes, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and soda pop, are consumed before a flight, they may bring on stomach pains. "Boyle's law," Kojac said crisply. "The temperature remaining constant, the volume of gas varies inversely with the pressure. At twenty-five thousand feet, the quart of gas that's normally in us has tripled. If it hits you on a day when you're feeling tired, afraid, or just plain puny, that gas can really hurt." He went on to say that even at the relatively low altitude of between thirty and forty thousand feet the nitrogen molecules in a man's blood may come out of solution and start bubbling—much as the carbon dioxide does in a bottle of soda water when the cap is removed—and this can cause any one of several maladies, among them the bends, with its special miseries for the joints; the creeps, a mottling of the skin attended by itching; and the chokes, which are marked by a stabbing pain in the chest and a difficulty in breathing that sometimes becomes so acute that the flier collapses.

Speed in itself presents no difficulties for the flier, Kojac said; it is only when he changes his pace or his altitude or the direction in which he is going that he must exercise caution, for then he must reckon with the forces exerted by acceleration, deceleration, gravity, and centrifugal action, which are calculated in terms of *gs*. Roughly, one *g* is equal to the simple pull of gravity as it would be exerted on a free-falling object. Consequently, at three *gs*, a flier is subjected to a force three times the force of gravity; in a very simplified way, it is as though a hundred-and-fifty-pound man should suddenly discover that he weighed four hundred and fifty pounds. At three *gs*, Kojac told me, a flier's eyes, mouth, and jowls are wrenched out of place, and he appears to have suddenly aged thirty years. After three or four seconds of that strain, the flier will experience a redout, a grayout, or a blackout. A redout occurs when the plane makes an outside loop, or "push-down," and the flier's blood is flung upward through his body with such force that it floods his head and reduces his vision to a red blur—a condition that sometimes leads the flier to believe he is having a hemorrhage. Pulling out of a dive, which sends the flier's blood rushing to the lower part of his body at from three and a half to five *gs*, brings on a grayout,

and a tug of an additional half *g* means a blackout. (This kind of blackout, unlike the one caused by lack of oxygen, does not involve loss of consciousness; the world simply becomes black.)

"In a plus-*g* situation, you know, anything that sends your blood pressure up is all to the good," Kojac said. "The jumpy guy is actually better off than the relaxed Joe. You can tolerate about one more *g* when you're nervous than when you're contented." He smiled and added, "Not that the Air Force is precisely beating the countryside in search of nervous types. Particularly for interceptor duty. It's a pretty tense business waiting around those alert hangars day after day for the alarm bell to go off, and never knowing whether the next scramble will flush a MIG or a small private plane carrying some gay couple to a Rhode Island houseparty."

For the most part, Kojac said, the men bear up pretty well under the assorted strains of interceptor life, but occasionally the work gets one of them down. Only that morning, a squadron commander had called him to say that for the last few days one of his pilots had shown a far from characteristic aversion to carrying out orders. "A possible symptom of fatigue," Kojac told me, and, looking at his watch, added that he had a date to have coffee with the pilot at the officers' club in fifteen minutes. "We have to be constantly on the lookout for signs of this sort," he went on. "I spend a lot of my time out on the field, shooting the breeze with the men around the hangars, flying with them, eating with them—all with the idea of trying to detect clinical symptoms that may indicate the need of a rest, a change of duty, or even permanent grounding. A nice balance has to be struck in the makeup of a jet pilot—not too eager, not too phlegmatic. On scramble duty, those fellows do their waiting on the upper floor of a building near their hangars, and when the alarm bell sounds, they've got to dash down a flight of stairs to get to their Starfires. Well, I don't want them taking too many steps at a time, or too few, either. I don't want them left at the post and I don't want them breaking over the barrier."

KOJAC offered to drop me off at my next stop on his way to meet the recalcitrant pilot, and we left the hospital together. I was going to the headquarters of the 58th Squadron, where Lacy had told me I would find its operations officer, Captain Oliver Generous. As it turned out, my first talk there was

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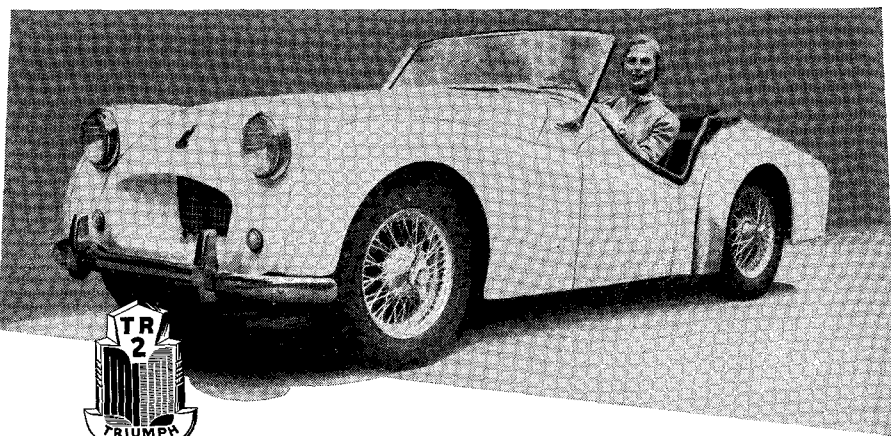
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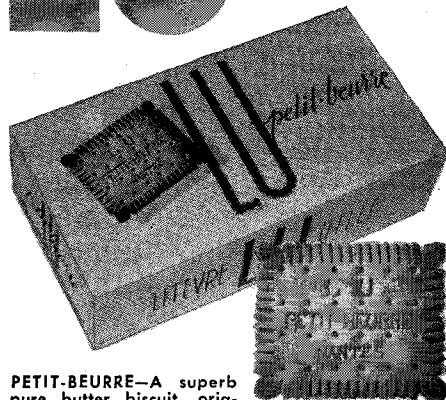
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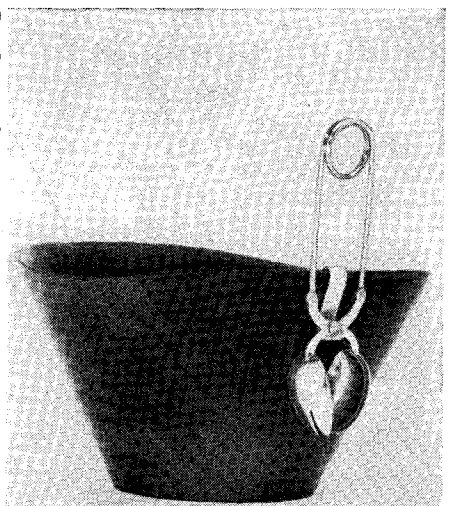
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not with Generous but with Lieutenant Charles West, the squadron's personal-equipment officer. West, a tall, slender man with a thin brown mustache, was entering the headquarters building just as Kojac and I drove up, and Kojac hailed him. The two men, I discovered, were close friends; West had recently married Kojac's anesthetist, and Kojac had given away the bride. Kojac asked West if he'd guide me to Generous's office, and then, as an afterthought, suggested that before doing so West might show me some of the equipment he handled. West said he'd be glad to, and led me into the building and down a hall to a narrow, oblong room that he called his office. It looked more like a coat-room patronized by men from another world, for hanging on its walls were specimens of the cumbersome clothing and other gear with which West outfits each pilot upon his arrival at the base.

"I'm a kind of specialized haberdasher," West said, waving a hand around the room as we sat down on a table that was mattressed with flying suits. "I do a nice business. Each customer gets five hundred dollars' worth of basic equipment." He told me that he was thirty years old, and that as a bombardier in the crew of a B-29 he had bombed Tokyo during the war. Discharged in 1947, he had been an actor for four years and had then been recalled to service. His real job at Otis, he said, was that of radar observer—sitting behind the pilot in a jet and, with the help of a radar screen and an intercom, guiding him toward the target; in that capacity, he had flown over fifteen hundred hours, but owing to what he called the Air Force's "austerity program," he was now doubling as equipment officer. I could see that he didn't much care for this sort of work, but he assured me that there was no alternative to taking it seriously; he knew from his own experience how essential it was to have the right equipment in a jet, and to have it in perfect working order. He had assistants who were responsible for some of the gear, but he examined each oxygen mask for leaks himself before it was issued. Some days, his equipment duties alone kept him busy from seven in the morning until ten at night. For just one thing, it took him two and a half hours to outfit a man and instruct him in the use of new types of equipment. Once, he said, he had spent two hours simply finding a helmet to fit a fellow radar observer. "He had a pointed head," he explained wryly.

West picked up a helmet lying near



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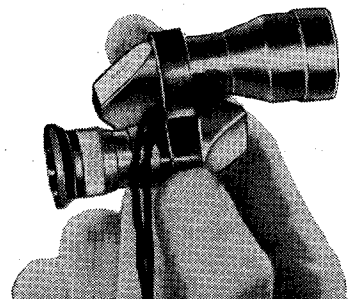
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him on the table—a “brain bucket” to Air Force men. Made of white plastic and adorned with a decalcomania of a ferocious bald eagle—the insigne of the 58th Squadron—it resembled a football helmet and had a visor that could be lowered over the eyes not only as a conventional sunshade but as protection against the buffeting of the wind in the event of an emergency bailing out. Attached to the helmet was a rubber mask, which during flights is connected to oxygen tanks by a flexible rubber hose. From a shelf above us, West took down a slender steel cylinder, weighing about four pounds, which he told me contained a ten-minute supply of oxygen; fliers call it a “bailout bottle,” because it is designed to be used when a plane is abandoned at an extremely high altitude. When a man bails out at thirty-seven thousand feet, say, where the temperature may be anywhere from fifty to eighty-five degrees below zero and there is hardly any oxygen, he has at first no interest whatever in having his parachute open but is concerned only with inhaling the contents of his bailout bottle and falling as fast as he can into a warmer region; he may plummet to an altitude of no more than three thousand feet before his parachute is opened—automatically, by a device that is sensitive to barometric pressure.

West slid off the table and picked up a parachute that was lying on the floor. Attached to it were, among other things, a bailout bottle, a Mae West, and a rectangular piece of folded rubber, bright yellow and about eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide. He yanked a chain at one side of the piece of rubber, there was a sound of rushing air, and a yellow dinghy magically took shape, revealing pockets in its sides that contained flares, signal mirrors, an aluminum cup for bailing, and other so-called survival apparatus. “Survival’s no problem around a place like the Cape,” West said, tapping one foot against the dinghy. “You’d be picked up in a couple of hours. But the kind of survival I’ve got in mind—survival after combat—may be on its way out. So many automatic devices keep coming along that we may never again have to fly our planes in combat. Just a few bugs left to be worked out—like how to avoid firing at friendly aircraft—and maybe all we Air Force men will have to do is stay on the ground and try to survive like everyone else.”

THE 58th’s operations officer, Captain Generous, is a handsome man of thirty-four, with dark-blue eyes and black hair streaked with gray; he is of

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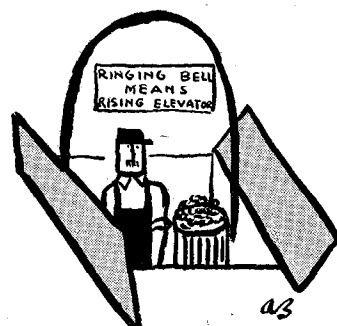
French descent and comes from Williamantic, Connecticut. When West and I entered his office, the Captain was tilted back in a swivel chair behind his desk. On the desk, to my surprise, lay a large bow and a single arrow. He was wearing a slate-blue flying suit zippered up to his chest, a billowing scarf made of red parachute nylon—red is the squadron's color—and a slate-blue flight cap, set at a slight angle. The windows of his office, I noticed, commanded a comprehensive view of the field's training runways; two jets were just leaving the ground with a roar.

No one at Otis is ever really off duty, even at the end of his day's stint, Generous told me after West had introduced us and gone on his way. "We have to be within three hours' reach of Otis at all times," he said. "Practically all the pilots live off the base, and if they spend an evening away from home, they have to leave a telephone trail—just like doctors. I've been an Air Force pilot now for more than ten years, and I've served in the Arctic and over Germany, but this interceptor duty at Otis is as tough as any I've ever seen. If there's a scramble, you fly, regardless of weather. But it isn't weather, or even the waiting, that's the major source of strain. It's the sense of responsibility that goes with the job. The stakes are so damned high. In the last war, crews went out and tried to hit targets like factories and railroad stations. Maybe they'd hit them and maybe they wouldn't, but if they didn't, there was always tomorrow. This time, if you don't knock the other fellow out of the sky, you can tell yourself 'There goes Boston' or 'There goes New York.'"

All along the Atlantic coast—and, indeed, all the way around the perimeter of the United States—Air Defense Identification Zones have been set up, extending outward from the nation's borders, and in these restricted areas pilots, both civilian and military, must fly at an altitude of four thousand feet or less, unless they have previously filed a flight plan with the Civil Aeronautics Administration. (On the East Coast north of Charleston, South Carolina, a flight plan must be filed with the C.A.A. regardless of altitude.) In its detection of suspicious aircraft, the Eastern Air Defense Force depends primarily upon information it receives from a series of early-warning radar stations and from the Ground Observer Corps, the volunteer civilian organization. Members of the Ground Observer Corps, who keep in touch with a Filter Center, staffed by civilian-defense workers, report any group of aircraft and any single multi-

engine or jet aircraft they see, no matter at what altitude the planes are flying, as well as *all* aircraft flying in a restricted zone. (Some of the most valuable members of the Ground Observer Corps are members of crews on vessels that are engaged in coastwise shipping and that communicate the spotters' observations to the Filter Centers by radio.) The Filter Centers integrate the information they receive from the observers and pass it along to an Air Defense Direction Center, an Air Force installation that also receives whatever is picked up by the early-warning radar system and is equipped with elaborate radar devices for determining the direction in which an object is moving, as the early-warning stations are not. If the Air Defense Direction Center decides that a scramble is called for, it gets in touch directly with crews at the nearest interceptor station and guides the planes—usually two—by radio to the bogey. Upon approaching a suspect plane, the interceptor pilots first make sure that it isn't hostile and then close in on it to spot the identifying numbers on its wings or fuselage so that these can be reported to the Civil Aeronautics Administration, which usually fines or suspends the wayward pilot. (If the offender happens to be an Air Force plane, the Air Force handles the matter.) Sometimes, Generous told me, the jets act as a sort of aerial Coast Guard and guide a lost bogey back to its course. And sometimes civilian pilots complain to the Civil Aeronautics Administration that they have been intercepted with unnecessary vigor. "Maybe they have," Generous said. "After all, *they* know they're not enemy planes, but we don't."

Before I left, I asked Generous about the bow and arrow on his desk. "I just bought this bow the other day," he said enthusiastically. "It's made of Mexican lemonwood—a beauty. The whole squadron got sold on the sport by one of our pilots, who's just about the best archer in the East. A few weeks ago, the men started building an archery range in their spare time. I'll take archery over hunting any day. I've never liked killing game. As a matter of fact,



I've never liked guns. Those guns and air rockets on the fighters I've flown—well, they have more to do with flying than with shooting. I like to bring them to bear on a target, because you have to fly perfectly to hit your mark. And I guess I'd rather fly perfectly than do anything else."

AS I walked along a corridor in the headquarters building after leaving Generous, I passed a small auditorium of the kind the Air Force uses for briefings. At the moment, it was apparently serving as a waiting room for a lone figure—a first lieutenant dressed in flying clothes, who was idly reading a newspaper in a rear seat. Being in no particular hurry, I stopped in and had a few words with him. He looked so young that one of the first things I asked him was his age. "Twenty-two," he replied, his smooth, pink-cheeked face cocked alertly to one side. "Everyone thinks I'm much younger, but I couldn't be. Twenty-one is the minimum age for an Air Force officer." He went on to tell me that he was a husband of a few months' standing. His name was Charles R. Andregg, and he was a native of Morgantown, West Virginia. After completing high school, at the age of sixteen, he had entered the University of West Virginia, and after he graduated, he joined the Air Force. Otis was his first tour of duty since being commissioned, and he had been there barely four months.

Andregg explained that he was taking it easy in the auditorium because he had made a point of arriving too early for a training flight he was scheduled to go on. "You never can tell when something's going to happen around here," he said. It soon became evident that he belonged to a new generation of fliers. "When I think of flying, I think of jets," he told me. "I'd be willing to fly a propeller plane, but just for kicks—and I'd want someone with me, too. I'm not really at home with reciprocating engines. Not that I haven't ever flown a propeller plane, because I have. It was a T-28—a trainer—and in a way it was fun. Still, jets are the modern thing. They're much easier to fly than a propeller plane. No torque, no prop control, no mixture control. But you have to be speed-conscious, especially when you're putting your plane in a position for landing. You make a final turn of a hundred and eighty degrees at two hundred and fifty miles an hour, and you have to think fast, awfully fast. It's like driving a car very fast over a road that's full of turns, only more so." He laughed

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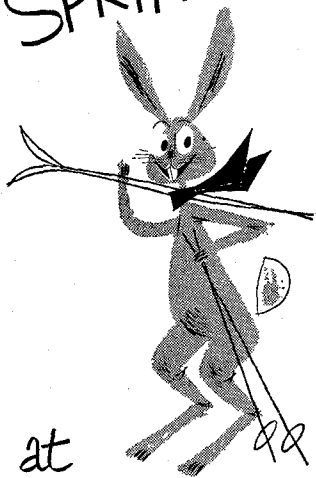
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rather self-consciously, and continued, "It's not just the speed alone that makes me like jets. I guess the ego has something to do with it, too. I first heard of jet pilots when I was in high school. My friends and I would talk about them, and they always sounded great to me. I knew I wanted to be one. There's nothing wrong with someone who says, 'I fly an airplane,' but compare him with a fellow who can say, 'I fly a jet.' You give him a second look when you hear *that*, don't you?" I asked Andregg how he felt about his present job, and he replied, "I don't mind all-weather flying—helps you learn a lot about instruments. It's jump and run, this interceptor duty, but that suits me. After all, that's what we'll have to do if anything happens, so it's just as well to be trained for it."

Late that afternoon, I was standing at the bar in the officers' club waiting for Lacy, who had agreed to pick me up there and drive me over to meet the men who were on scramble call that night. Standing at the bar with me were some twenty uniformed customers, and it wasn't long before one of them—a stocky, brown-eyed captain named Victor Hanke, from Hagerstown, Maryland—struck up a conversation with me. Hanke, it developed, had been in the Army twenty-two years, or since the year Andregg was born, and a great deal of that time he had spent in the Air Force. He was forty-two years old, and had seen service in the Second World War and in Korea, and he was now an adviser to the base commander on communications, electronics, and armaments. As a man who had been stationed at many bases, in this country and elsewhere, in the course of his service career, Hanke told me, he looked on interceptor duty as "just another big old wait," but for all his casual attitude, he did confess to a certain excitement when he thought about the changes that have come over the Air Force in the past two decades. Back in the "From Here to Eternity" era, he said, an Air Force plane was moving pretty fast if it did a hundred and eighty-five miles an hour. "Two machine guns for armament," he went on, with a reminiscent chuckle. "We'd fly down to some South American country to put on a show of strength with it. They were pleasant, those good-will visits—which is what they were played up as. We'd have drinks with our opposite numbers somewhere and listen to the street musicians while the people stared at our strange uniforms."

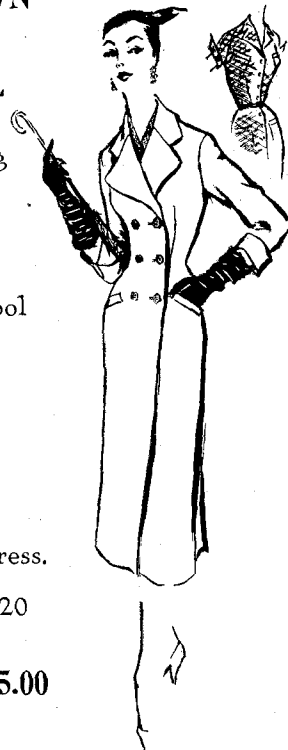
Then came the war, Hanke said, and its incomparably superior planes, but

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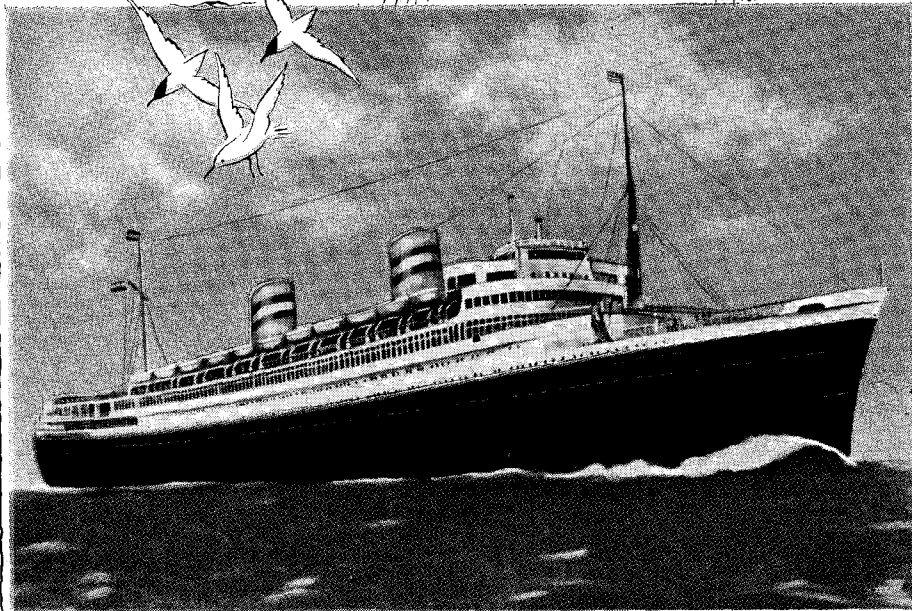
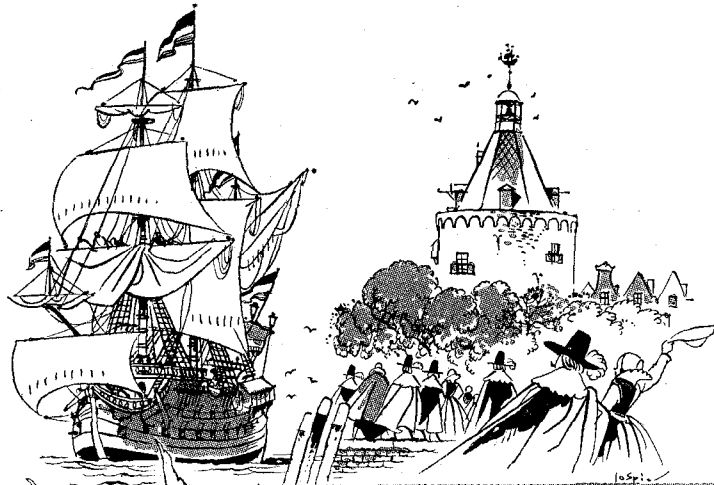
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even they were now beginning to look like museum pieces. "During the war, radar took the pilot to his target all right, but once he got there, he had to use his gun sight, and if he wanted to splash one, he had to do it manually," he said. "Now the gadgets we're using won't even let you squeeze the trigger if you're off course." He told me frankly that it had not been easy to keep up with the new developments; he had had to take a lot of difficult technical courses, and had often found himself instinctively resisting radically new procedures. "It wasn't like shifting from carpentry to plumbing—more like shifting from carpentry to medicine, say," he explained. "It was a tall order for me to get to understand complex electronic equipment after having done nothing but fool around with machine guns and optical sights. Of course, the youngsters joining nowadays take the new stuff in stride. And then most of them have spent at least a year or two at some college, which wasn't true of the bunch I came in with. You had to search to find a college man in the Air Force in those days."

Hanke assured me that he had at length succeeded in mastering the new techniques so thoroughly that his job at Otis had come to seem just about as routine as a good many of the others he had had. As for the future, he is looking forward to eight more years in the Air Force; in 1952, upon completing twenty years of service, he decided not to retire because he had a wife and daughter to support and was buying a house in Connecticut, and the thirty-year retirement pay is higher. "The way I see it now, if one of our interceptors doesn't find an enemy plane by 1962, I'll start living on that retirement pay," he said. "And if one does—well, I'm used to being ready."

IT was nightfall when Lacy and I, speeding over a broad runway, approached the area from which the planes leap off on scrambles. Lacy parked his car at a gate, and before we had time to get out, an armed guard poked his head inside to ask our business. The guard, a corporal whom Lacy obviously knew, listened sternly while the Lieutenant identified himself and me, and then allowed us to proceed on foot toward the hangars that are used by pilots on scramble duty. We walked through one of them, on our way to the quarters where the pilots on alert duty spend their time, and two more guards scrutinized our credentials carefully. The hangar, which was open at both ends, was illuminated by subdued, red,



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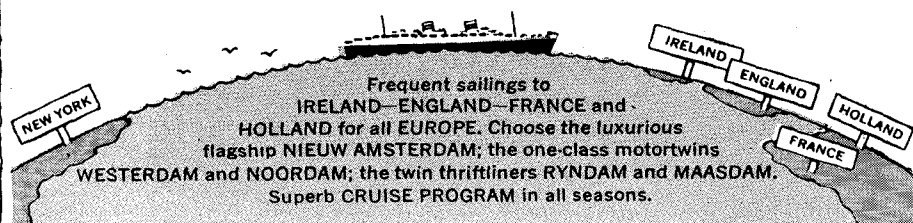
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overhead light bulbs, which gave it a rather diabolical aspect; Lacy explained that red is the best light for quickly adjusting the eyes to night vision. Occupying the center of the hangar's concrete floor was a Starfire, the harsh metallic glitter of its body softened by the hangar's dim light. Seen thus, stationary and silent and indoors, the jet had a tamed, captured aspect, I thought, and this feeling was not wholly dispelled even after I'd read a sign, stencilled in white against a red background, that was prominently posted nearby: "Hot Rockets—Combat Ready A/C—Do Not Touch Gun Trigger or Safety Switches." A ladder tilted against the plane led to the pilot's cockpit, ten feet or so above the floor; behind this cockpit was a cockpit for the radar observer. The plane's canopy, raised at an acute angle from its forward end, loomed over both positions. Lacy and I stared at the jet awhile, and then walked out onto the strip that is reserved for scrambles. Immediately to our left was a blast screen—a curved concrete shield, eight feet high and pierced by a small, thick-paned window—behind which members of the ground crew, who have their own alert-duty quarters in the hangar, can protect themselves from the searing exhaust blast of outgoing jets. Sweeping the sky was a double-beamed beacon—one beam green, the other white. Across the field from us was a water tower, marked by red warning lights. Off in the distance shone the lights of several Otis buildings. Lacy scanned the sky, which was cloudy and starless. "Not too bad," he said as we entered a two-story building about thirty yards from the hangar. "There was supposed to be a chance of soup tonight."

We walked up a staircase (the staircase that Kojac wants his men to take in the proper stride) and into a large lounge, where four two-man flying crews—two "on red," for instant action, and two "on white," or in reserve—were gathered; the crews work in eight-hour shifts, half the time on red, and half on white. The place was brightly lit by fluorescent tubes, which made the chromium trim of several leatherette chairs that were scattered about sparkle. In one corner was an electric stove and, beside it, a gleaming, white refrigerator, which, I later learned, contained eggs, bacon, and hamburgers; at eleven each night, an enlisted man stops by and, for forty cents an order, fixes hot snacks and coffee for the crews. In another corner was a television set, which was not in use, and near it were two double-decker cots to accommodate the two teams that were

on white. At the moment, the cots were unoccupied, and navy-blue blankets were stretched across them, taut and smooth. The eight officers on duty were lounging about in their flying clothes. One of them was reading a paperback novel that had a picture of a submarine on its cover. Another was simply sitting and contemplating, alternately, the floor and the ceiling. Two more, at a card table, were playing Scrabble; one of the players, pondering his next move, took a thoughtful sip of Pepsi-Cola, and I wondered if Colonel Kojac had ever reached him with word of Boyle's law. The remaining four, who were wearing Mae Wests, were playing acey-deucey at a second card table. Idly watching them from behind a counterlike partition that ran parallel to and half-a-dozen feet from one wall was the communications sergeant; the counter marked off his special bailiwick—the so-called hot room—in which scramble messages are received. It was equipped with an ultrahigh-frequency radio whose staticky background noise pervaded the entire alert room. On a small desk behind the sergeant stood a telephone, known as the hot phone, over which the Air Defense Direction Center relays scramble orders, by direct wire, and next to it was an electric switch, which the sergeant throws to sound an alarm bell that sends the fliers on red hurtling for their planes. Behind the desk was a big, three-sided bay window with a sweeping view of the runway, and above this was a large wall clock.

As Lacy and I wandered about the alert room, the contemplative man who had been sitting by himself rose and came over to us, and Lacy introduced me to him. He was the officer in charge and one of the pilots on white—First Lieutenant Donald E. Kelly, of Washington, Pennsylvania, a slight, dark-eyed veteran of over a hundred combat missions in Korea. Lacy bade us goodbye and left, and Kelly said shyly, "Make yourself at home." Then he re-



treated behind the counter to stare out the big bay window.

I drew up a chair next to one of the acey-deucey players. The men were instantly cordial, stopping their game to give me disconnected bits of information about their job. One of them complained that the alarm bell was too loud and lasted too long, considering how ready the crews are. "Dropping an apple would do the trick just as well," he said. Another didn't like the way the high command sometimes staged scrambles, by sending out bombers to be intercepted. A third was in the middle of an account of how he had once intercepted a commercial airliner whose co-pilot had reciprocated by taking a snapshot of him from the plane when the hot phone rang. I could see why a loud alarm bell was unnecessary, for all four of my companions instantly turned their faces toward the hot room and stared with fixed attention, like figures in a tableau. The sergeant grabbed the receiver, and in a matter of seconds he made a negative sign, like that of a football referee recalling a play. When he had hung up, he came to the counter and told the crews that someone at headquarters was checking the combat status of two jets in the squadron's maintenance hangar.

Two of the men left the table after the false alarm, and the remaining two went on telling me about interception work. They were Lieutenant George O. Davis, of Cleveland, and Lieutenant Wootan, of San Francisco. Wootan, the more talkative of the two, told me that each scramble seemed new and different to him, although all of them had taken place over the sea and, as far as he knew, no Otis pilot had yet fired at a bogey. After a crew had made its intercept, it remained in the air half an hour or more, to get in a practice flight and—which was at least equally important—to avoid the risk of landing with heavily loaded fuel tanks. On the average, he said, there was about one scramble a day at Otis. Sometimes several days went by without any calls; on the other hand, there had been one stretch when the alarm bell was going off two or three times a night. There had been no scramble so far that day. Davis recalled a scramble when a mysterious bogey that was obviously too slow-moving to be a plane had appeared on one of the Air Defense Direction Center's radarscopes. "It turned out to be a thunderstorm," Davis said, with a deprecatory shrug. "But we don't ever feel foolish about such things. Any scramble is potentially so important."

The others in the room had turned

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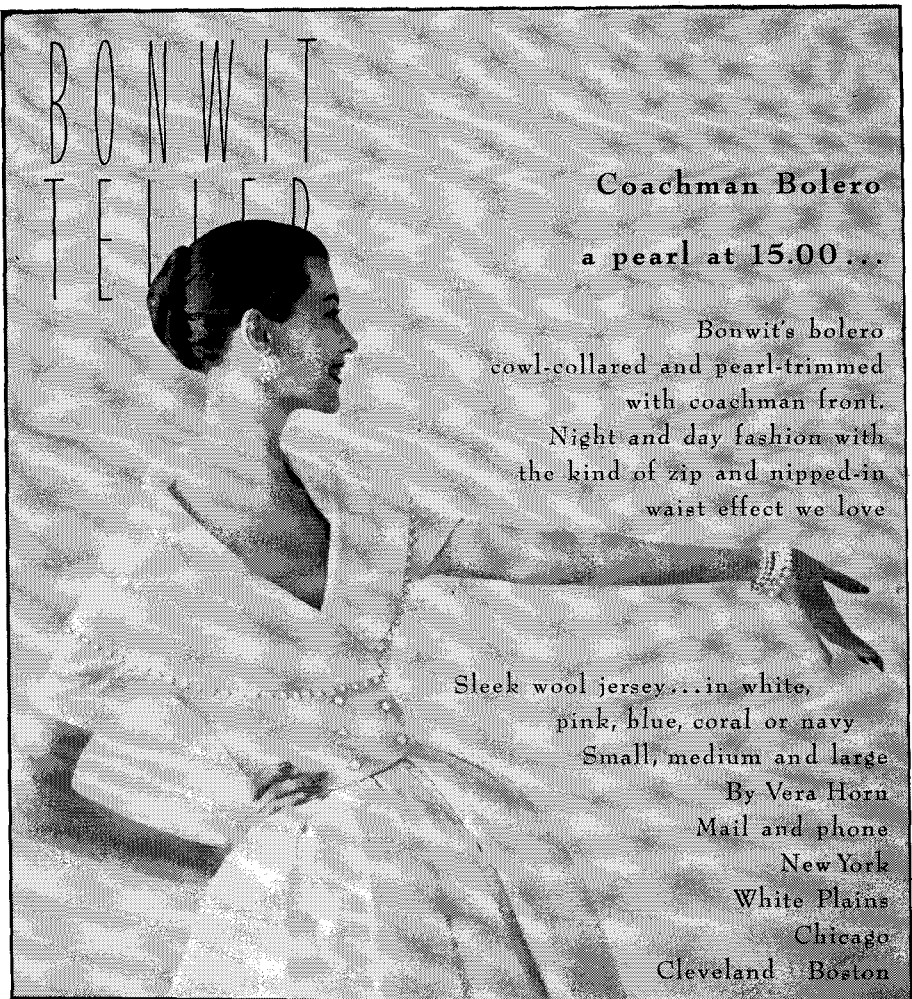
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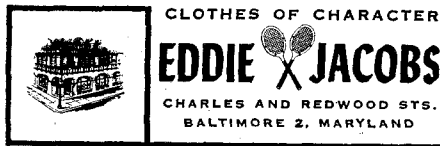
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on the television set to watch a fight, and Wootan, Davis, and I joined them. The fight, a one-sided match that was made even duller by poor reception, was over quickly, and when it ended, the men broke up, each of them keeping pretty much to himself—reading or just sitting. As they settled down for the long night, an uneasy silence descended upon the room. Hours dragged by and although it seemed rather futile, I found myself staying on—waiting with the others for the hot phone to ring. At eleven, the enlisted man came by to fix eggs and hamburgers. Apparently unaware of the break in the strain he was providing, he morosely served up the orders, which the men ate at the two card tables. For as long as it took them to put away their snacks, there was a revival of the sociability they had shown earlier, but once they had finished, the same dogged stillness returned to the room. Kelly and a radar observer who was on white turned in, each climbing to the upper berth of a double-decker. Sitting on the lower bunks were the two radar observers on red—Lieutenant Bobby Legg, a Texan with an expressive, friendly face, and Lieutenant Harold Keener, an Indiana youngster with freshly combed red hair. Keener suddenly and unexpectedly broke the silence. He had studied Russian under a Soviet exile at college, it appeared, and now he felt impelled to repeat to Legg something his instructor had once told the class. "According to him, when a Russian train stops at a station, it doesn't leave until the passengers have had a chance to buy tea," Keener said. "Tea's their national drink, and it comes ahead of any timetable." Legg burst into exaggeratedly loud laughter, and Keener roared, too. When Legg could speak again, he asked Keener to repeat the story, which Keener did.

It was half past midnight when the hot phone rang again. The sergeant picked it up, listened, and slammed the receiver back on the hook. "Scramble!" he yelled, and reached for the alarm switch. The bell reverberated clamorously, like that of an ambulance held up by traffic. It was tardy in sounding its warning, however, for Legg, Keener, Wootan, and Lieutenant John Lashuay, the four fliers on red, had already sprinted down the stairs. I chased after them, and Davis raced along behind me. Outside, we could still hear the alarm, loud and clear in the darkness. Davis and I went over to Wootan's hangar. The ground crew had already rolled up a yellow mobile generator with which to start the jet's



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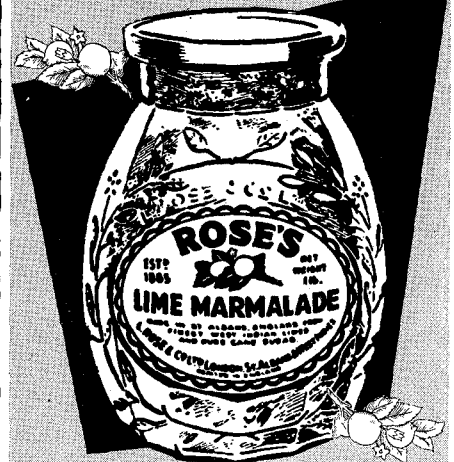
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engine. (Starfires have batteries that will start them, but these are used only in emergencies.) The generator made a whirring sound as it throbbed there in the red glow from the overhead lights, ready to go to work. Wootan and Keener were already in their cockpits, and the chief of the ground crew was standing at the top of the ladder, fussing like a valet as he made sure that they were properly settled in their seats, with their belts fastened and their parachute straps hooked. The two fliers put on their helmets, and abruptly, in that eerie light, seemed to become part of the plane itself.

Then a fearful din arose in the hangar. "Wootan's hit the starter switch," Davis shouted to me, meaning that the pilot had connected the generator with the jet's starter, causing the engine to begin to turn over. For fifteen seconds or so, the sound of the engine combined with the noise of the generator to create a screaming duet that shook the hangar. Then the generator was disconnected, and Davis said, "The engine's running on its own now." As he spoke, the plane slowly began to move, and he and I ducked behind the blast screen. Through its window, we could see Wootan and Keener, the set of their shoulders giving them a grimly expert air as the plane taxied by. Its tail-lights winking amber and white, it proceeded a hundred yards or so, then made a right-angle turn as Wootan aimed its nose at the long open strip ahead for the leap-off run. "Ten minutes from now, we'll know if this is a routine intercept," Davis said. The canopy came down, and it was scarcely in place when there was a sharp explosion, followed by a loud crackling sound, as the plane's afterburner—which provides an additional thrust for the leap-off—was turned on. The plane began to gather speed, spurting yellow flames from its tail—a brilliant burst in the darkness—and then, all at once, when it was beyond the field but still close to the ground, there was an ominous silence, which was quickly ended by a menacing roar. I looked at Davis questioningly and he assured me that there was nothing to worry about; Wootan had simply turned off the afterburner and was bearing down on the throttle. An instant later, the second jet followed the first off the field. The entire operation—from alarm bell to leap-off—had taken six seconds over two minutes.

Back up in the alert quarters, Davis and I found the sergeant hovering over his ultra-high-frequency radio, ready to pick up any word from the crews. Davis found a paperback novel about Sabrejets



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in Korea in one of the chairs and was preparing to settle down with it when Kelly walked over and told him that one of the characters in it had been sucked into a Sabrejet by the plane's intake. "That's impossible," Kelly added, and walked away. Davis nodded and began reading, but presently stopped and watched the communications sergeant help himself to some milk from the refrigerator. It was the first time the sergeant had come out of his hot room that night; looking up at the wall clock, I saw that the planes must have reached their bogey by now and found that all was well. Davis asked his radar observer, a fellow named Hallock, if he'd like to play some cards. "I've had enough of this book," he said, putting it aside, and he and Hallock settled down at one of the card tables.

An hour later, the sound of an approaching plane penetrated the room, faintly but distinctly. The men identified the sound matter-of-factly as that of a returning jet, and kept on with whatever they had been doing. I went down to Wootan's hangar again, this time alone. The pilot was maneuvering over the field. Below him, blue taxi lights had been turned on to guide him in. The plane landed, and rolled to a stop back of the hangar. By the time I reached it, the canopy was up, and Wootan and Keener had their helmets off and were looking like men again. A long, yellow ten-wheeled fuel truck was already there, with its hose inserted into the jet's tank. I could hear Lashuay's plane coming in. Wootan waved to me from the cockpit. "A commercial airliner," he called down. "The hostess was pouring coffee for the crew. The passengers were asleep." He leaned back wearily in his seat. When the fuel crew had finished with its transfusion, he would taxi the plane into its hangar, and then he and Keener would climb the staircase. The chances were they would trudge, and it occurred to me that, with their scramble behind them, they were pretty likely to take what the flight surgeon would consider the right number of steps at a time.

—DANIEL LANG

NEW YORK (AP)—The New York Yankees have signed their three-man coaching staff of Frank Crosetti, Bill Dickey and Jim Turner, the club announced Sunday. This marks the seventh straight season the Yanks have signed their coaching staff intact. Shot one Monday

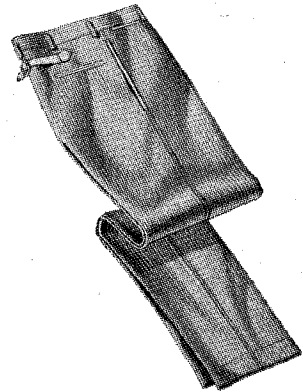
—Olean (N.Y.) Times Herald.

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Desert Mystery



SPENCER TRACY and several other sturdy types parade their talents amid some massive

Western backgrounds in "Bad Day at Black Rock," and before they are through, they have managed to put a good deal of life into a melodrama that turns out to be none too long on logic. As a matter of fact, "Bad Day at Black Rock" builds up enough suspense to keep a spectator's nerves twitching galvanically, and maybe that's enough to offset the lameness of its resolution.

As the picture opens, we meet Mr. Tracy disembarking from a streamliner at a California desert town that hasn't seen a stranger in years. Mr. Tracy is a man of mystery, clothed in black, taciturn of speech, and crippled in his left arm. He is looking for an elderly Japanese farmer—that much he makes clear—but his inquiries provoke the townspeople of Black Rock to a kind of mass hysteria; indeed, he is strongly urged to quit the community before he gets himself into trouble. The urging is not simply oral; after he visits the Oriental's ranch, which he finds a burned-out, abandoned ruin, the jeep in which he is riding back to town is attacked from the rear by a bullyboy in a sedan, who keeps banging into the jeep until Mr. Tracy is finally compelled to take off cross-country. Not only that, but

when he finally does return to Black Rock, his motorized assailant proposes that he pay for the damages the sedan incurred while trying to mow him down. Obviously a man slow to anger, Mr. Tracy agrees that the proposal is fair enough, and at this point the townspeople, or at least quite a few of them, decide that Mr. Tracy will just have to be done in. What is eating the mob becomes clear eventually, but I won't go into that here. Let me simply point out that until the film starts trying to explain the motives of its bad boys, it includes a lot of lively doings, and that Mr. Tracy, during a moment of unexpected violence, demonstrates that a one-armed judo expert can certainly kick hell out of a strong man with the usual complement of limbs.

Filmed in CinemaScope, and directed by John Sturges, "Bad Day at Black Rock" is full of sweeping vistas of the desert, which are so impressive that they tend to reduce the town where all the uproar is taking place to doll-house proportions. But whatever its size,

Black Rock is occupied by a curious lot of characters, among them a homicidal rancher (Robert Ryan), a dipsomaniacal sheriff (Dean Jagger), a sadistic cowhand (Ernest Borgnine), a philosophical undertaker (Walter Brennan), and a lone female (Anne Francis), whose pancake makeup remains undisturbed no matter how gritty the gusts that swirl around her. All hands enact their roles commendably, but the task of holding the thing together devolves mostly upon Mr. Tracy. He carries it off lightly and with confidence.

IF you've been stringing along with Sherman's proposition that war is hell, you may well be disabused of the idea by "Battle Cry," another CinemaScope job. In this description of life in the United States Marine Corps, from boot camp to the fighting on Saipan, we learn that while a warrior's lot is rigorous, he has loads of time for fun, especially the pursuit of toothsome young ladies. I must say that this visit with the jolly Marines is too protracted (two and a half hours) for comfort, since they are all standard types, from the hard-boiled sergeant to the would-be Lothario. Among those present are Van Heflin, James Whitmore, Aldo Ray, and assorted young women, including Nancy Olson, Mona Freeman, and Dorothy Malone.

"THE RACERS" introduces us to Kirk Douglas as a sports-car driver who wants to be the No. 1 man in his line. Before he succeeds in his ambition, he has a crackup that leaves him with gasoline poisoning in his leg. This certainly struck me as an odd disorder, but nothing else about the film seemed in any way unusual. Mr. Douglas, on his way to motoring heights, finds a moment or two to woo a ballerina, who is portrayed by Bella Darvi. Miss Darvi is sad most of the time because she is afraid Mr. Douglas will be killed. Mr. Douglas is frequently sad for the same reason. So they make a pretty morose pair as they go from track to track all over Europe. I was pretty morose, too, as I watched them.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

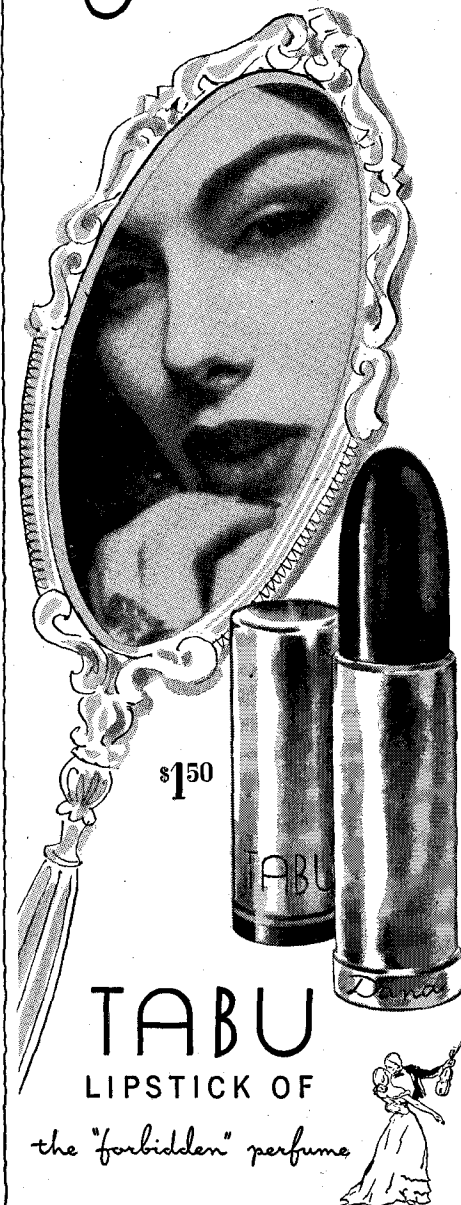
Mrs. Luce, who had been in this country for a month for routine congratulations, planned to leave on another plane tonight.

—The World-Telegram & Sun.

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GO SIT IN A TREE, CHILDREN

OUR three children—Polly, ten, Martha, twelve, and Tom, sixteen—have radios, a television set, and many other things designed to amuse or instruct or fill in the time. During the week, of course, they go to school, and on several days after school they attend meetings or have music or dancing lessons. Weekends are taken up with Sunday school, sports events, home chores (light), and seeing their friends.

So I am considerably surprised when, on a rainy Saturday morning, I am confronted with the question "What can we do today?"

"Oh, I don't know," I usually say. "Just amuse yourselves."

Sometimes this works and sometimes it doesn't. If their friends come over, the day is saved—even if the friends also don't seem to know what to do. Once in a while, when no friends show up, the question arises again, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and then with a special urgency. "What can we do?"

On a recent rainy Saturday afternoon when the question was put to me—this time by Martha—I was at my desk in the living room, writing letters on the typewriter. I stopped. "Do!" I said.

Tom was stretched out on the couch, looking at a model-railroad magazine. "Erpy's coming over about four, and we're going to work on my model," he said.

But the two girls stood expectantly by my desk, and then I used a phrase that ordinarily I deplore. "When I was a little girl," I said, "I don't believe I ever asked, 'What can I do?'"

"Here we go," said Tom equably.

"When you were a little girl," Martha said thoughtfully.

"All right, tell us what you *did* do," Polly said.

I took the paper out of the typewriter. Two pairs of eyes were watching me, and Tom, from the couch, looked up—only faintly interested, but willing to listen if what I had to say should prove diverting.

"WELL," I said. I began to think back, and for a moment it seemed a long way. "Well, we had an attic—although, of course, you have the basement." I thought of the game room downstairs with the boxing gloves hanging on the wall, the dartboard and the shelves of games, the chemistry set and the model train, and then of our old attic where there had been trunks with peeling foreign labels, broken chairs, piles of old magazines, the wooden box

where I kept all my papers, and the row of battered dolls that I never played with but that kept me a sort of friendly and comfortable company. It was always cold up there in the winter and stiflingly hot in summer.

"I used to play in the attic when it rained," I added lamely.

"What did you play?" Polly asked.

Martha went to the window and looked out at the rain, now coming down in torrents. Tom was looking at his magazine again.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I used to get things out of trunks. My aunt had been to Paris, and once she sent a whole trunk full of clothes. There was a lavender tea gown I loved. It was long and flowing, and it had embroidery down the front and ruffled lace sleeves. I used to put it on and pretend I was a queen."

Tom made a low sound of disgust. Martha was fiddling with the window drapery, bunching it up in her fingers and letting it out again.

But Polly was still with me. "That sounds like fun," she said. "I wish we had an old attic. Did you play with your sisters up there?"

"Sometimes," I said. "And sometimes by myself." I warmed a little to her interest. "When I was by myself, I worked on my papers. I had a lot of secret papers." I remembered the stacks of yellow paper and the endless scrawling.

"What were the secrets?" asked Martha, turning half-way from the window.

"I haven't any idea now,"

I said. "And then I worked on my names."

"Names?" Martha asked.

"I used to collect names. All kinds of names. I had two thousand when I finished."

Tom sat up and let the magazine slide into his lap. "You mean you just copied names out of the telephone book?"

"Oh, no, I seldom copied them. I made them up. I had them all written out and numbered. Just names that I liked."

"Egad," Tom said.

"And then I used to cut pictures out of magazines and nail them up in one corner, where the attic hadn't been finished. That was my art gallery. They stayed there for years and years." I remembered going up again, after I was in college, and seeing the pictures still there, curled at the edges and hanging lopsided from the nail points.

"Oh, we do that," Martha said gen-



erously. "We cut out pictures and put them up in our room."

"What did you do outdoors?" Polly asked.

"Just about what you do. We played ball and rode bicycles. In the summer, we went swimming at the beach, but when it wasn't warm enough for that we used to go out and sit in trees."

"What?" All three of them said it.

"We used to find a big tree that had lots of branches, and then we'd sit up in the tree all afternoon."

"Writing out names," Tom said. "John Jones. One thousand three hundred and fifty-five."

"Maybe it was a tree house," Martha said. "Some of the kids have tree houses."

"No, it wasn't a tree house," I said. "Just a tree. And we didn't do anything there. We just sat."

"Anything else?" Polly asked quickly.

"In the spring, when it was sunny and windy, I went on rides."

"I didn't know you had a horse," Martha said. "You never told us you had a horse."

"I didn't," I said. "I used to ride on a big white stick I'd find on the beach. I always had one, and if it got lost, then I'd get another one. But probably that was when I was younger than you are."

"I hope so," Martha said. "I can just see myself cavorting around on a white stick."

"It was fun," I said. "But it had to be a special kind of day—clear and breezy but not hot—and the wild roses would be in bloom in the meadow, and off I'd go on the white stick. It was just as good as a horse. I could be anyone on that stick—Sir Lancelot, or an Indian princess, or—"

"Or Roy Rogers," Tom said. "Writing out names. What a life!"

THERE was a double knock at the front door, and Tom went bounding toward it. "That'll be Erpy," he said.

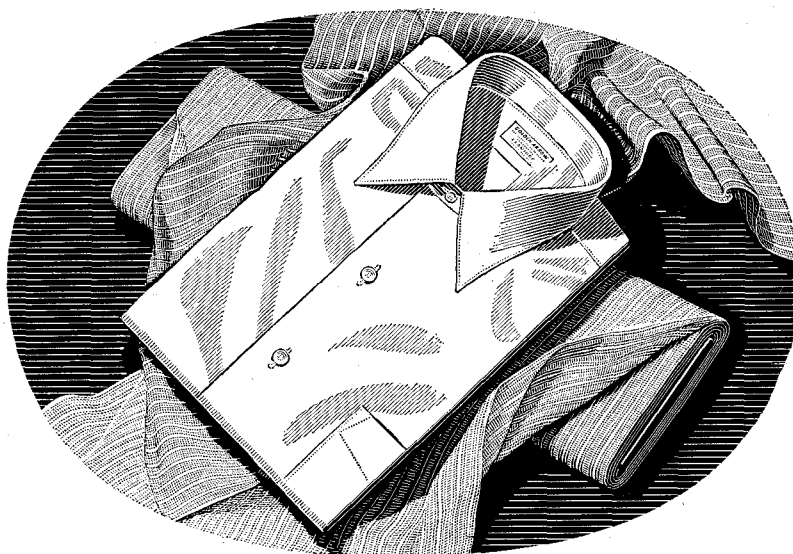
Martha was looking out the window again. "I wonder if Jane can come over," she said. "She ought to be home from the dentist by now."

Polly touched me on the shoulder as I put another sheet of paper in the typewriter. "I don't care," she said. "I'll bet you did have fun. I'll bet you had lots of fun when you were a little girl."

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

ROSETTE PENNINGTON, at 20 East 56th Street, probably subscribes to the belief that all brides are lucky, but just in case, and so as to leave nothing to chance, lucky signs and symbols have been worked into the new collection of ready-to-wear wedding dresses now on display in the firm's Bride's Shop. White Swiss organdie is used for a square-necked and cap-sleeved princesse dress that is heavily embroidered with white organdie four-leaf clovers. The skirt of this one is huge. A blush-pink taffeta dress has a stiffened skirt made still more impressive by the insertion of a deep, horseshoe-shaped apron of reëmbroidered Alençon-type lace on which pink imitation seed pearls are scattered. Small horseshoes of white silk piqué flowers are appliquéd on one hip and the opposite knee of a dress in oyster-white shantung. One of starched white silk organdie is decorated at its fairly low neckline and its waistline with bird-shaped cutouts of Alençon-type lace, and the pale-blue velvet ribbon at the décolletage and midriff of the white

rayon taffeta slip underneath should demonstrate beyond any doubt that the bride is being escorted to the altar by bluebirds. A striking medieval concoction of ivory rayon taffeta, with long sleeves and double rows of pleats at the V neckline and below the bodice, winds up with a shirred tulle rosette on the left wrist to hold a lucky sixpence. Every one of these dresses has a train that can be hooked up into a bustle when it comes time to dance with the bride. Sizes in this group run from 8 to 20, and prices from \$90 to \$495. Allow one week for delivery.

Pennington's bridesmaids' dresses, in the same sizes, are available in an almost endless variety of colors. A sleek princesse dress of aquamarine Irish linen is edged with miniature aquamarine ball fringe at the sleeves, which are short and straight, and around the neckline, which is oval. The ballerina-length dress appears in buttercup nylon organdie, with a sash of flame nylon organdie, a vertically tucked camisole bodice, and a very full, finely pleated skirt. Girls with

a formal wedding in mind might like a bridesmaid's shepherdess overdress of pink nylon tulle spattered with pink rayon satin flowers and bowknots; it's worn over a long, slim evening dress of pink nylon tulle that can have a career of its own after the wedding celebrations. This one is \$45, the highest price in the collection. It takes four weeks to fill an order for any of the bridesmaids' clothes.

A NEW flower shop, Renfield & Romney, at 445 East 86th Street, is also thinking about brides, to say nothing of the impending Saint Valentine's Day. Its star-shaped camellia corsage, a pink double camellia surrounded by five of its own leaves, is \$3.50. To wrap around a chignon, the resident botanists provide a garland of lilies and ivy, the lilies shading gently from white to pale pink. Tiny nosegays on heavy wire hairpins, for secure footing in a coiffure, are of daisies, orchids, garnet roses, or bits of geranium. Juliet caps, for \$17.50, and thick, mufflike bracelets, for \$5, are made of nerines, which look very much like mauve-pink hyacinths. An actual pocket of flowers, five inches in diameter, to fasten on a skirt is devised of pompon chrysanthemums, carnations, anemones, daisies, or tulips, backed by violet leaves and framed in ivy; \$5 to \$15. Any of these can be trimmed with papier-mâché butterflies and bees or scatterings of gold and silver glitter stuff. The telephone is Lehigh 4-2910.

CHIPP, at 14 East 44th Street, is a man's tailor who knows exactly how to cut classic but not severe suits and coats for women. Most of his jackets are medium-length and single-breasted, with tapered sleeves and either high, round collars or notched lapels. He prefers slender, four-gore skirts, but he's willing to listen, and he does admirably smooth, natural shoulders. Suits start at \$175, topcoats at \$185, and you must wait a month. Among the materials are Italian silks in thirty shades, Saxony wools in small, neat designs, hand-loomed Shetlands in herringbone or barley weaves, hand-spun and hand-woven Harris tweeds, cashmeres,



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BEST is going in for leather or combinations of leather and fabric in casual clothes, and the results are both surprising and pleasant. A cap-sleeved bloused jacket of chartreuse suède with two chest pockets is piped with rose-print rayon crêpe, which also makes the tie at the waist; an accordion-pleated skirt of the crêpe accompanies it. Jackets of greige, powder-blue, or pinkish suède, elasticized at the waistline, have small shawl collars and wide, turned-back cuffs of gabardine; the companion skirts are of gabardine in matching colors. These ensembles are all \$95. A swaggering three-quarter coat of sandy suède, with a convertible collar and two big horizontal pockets at the back of the hips, is lined with black-and-beige pin-dotted rayon crêpe. A long straight coat of café-au-lait kidskin sports a Peter Pan collar and long sleeves of matching wool knit. The coats are \$119.95 each.

THE hand-knit and hand-crocheted clothes of Susan Levrant, at 108 West 57th Street, are artful indeed. A suit that appears to be of Donegal tweed but is really of wool and orlon comes with a collarless three-quarter raglan box jacket and a straight skirt. A mixture of French wool and cotton resembling moire is Levrant's choice for a black-and-white, black-and-cocoa, black-and-royal-blue, or pink-and-black princesse sheath, which she shows with a Puritan collar of white linen edged with black ball fringe. Her collarless Empire dress, slashed deeply at the throat, is of twisted French yarn the color of old gold or silver gray. (It looks like duvetyn.) Its black velvet cuffs flare out at the elbows. For evening, there's an Empire princesse dress of white English mohair flecked with silver plastic, which has the appearance and shine of lamé at first glance. The prettiest of all is a black net princesse dress, bare from shoulder tip to shoulder tip, with occasional appliqué of flowers crocheted of white chiffon. Prices for this custom work begin at \$295. If you want to do the work yourself, Miss Levrant will oversee your progress, and will take on the task of assembling the dress and supplying ac-

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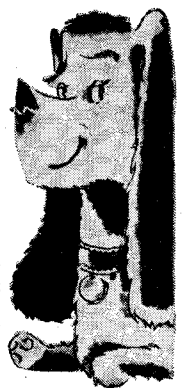
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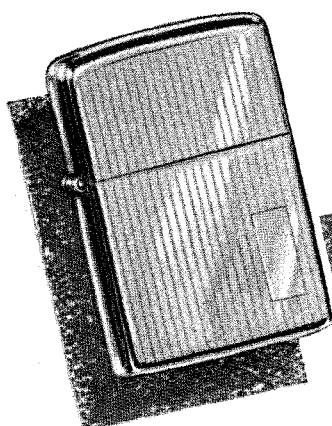
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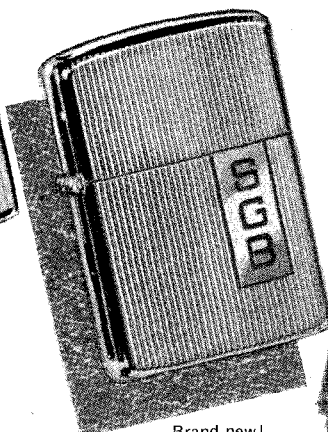


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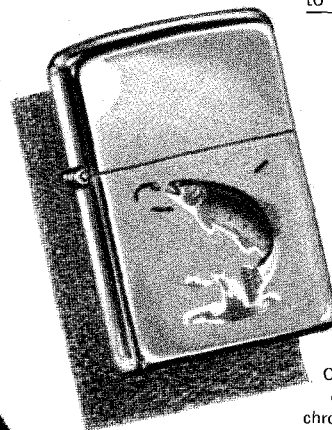
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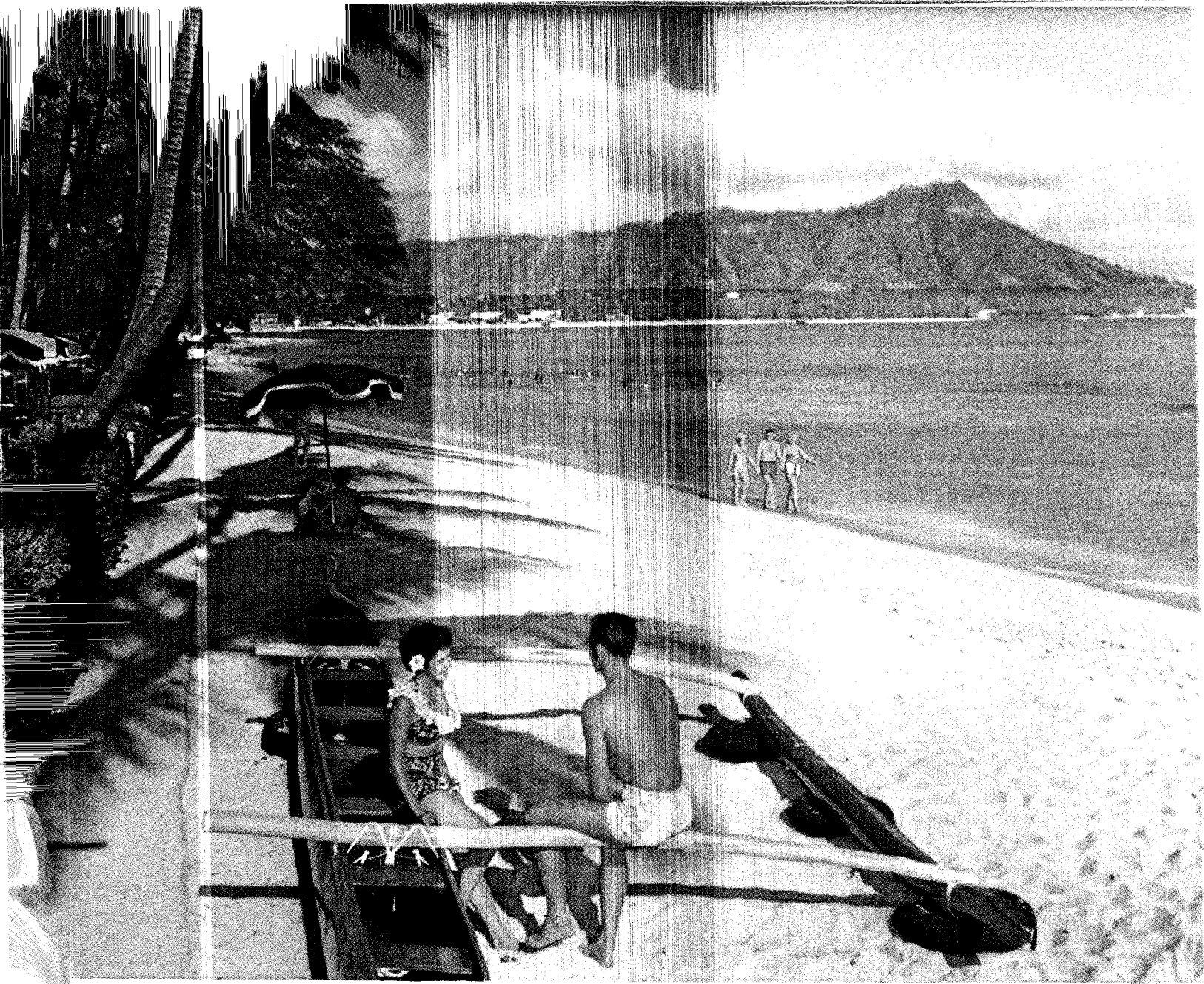
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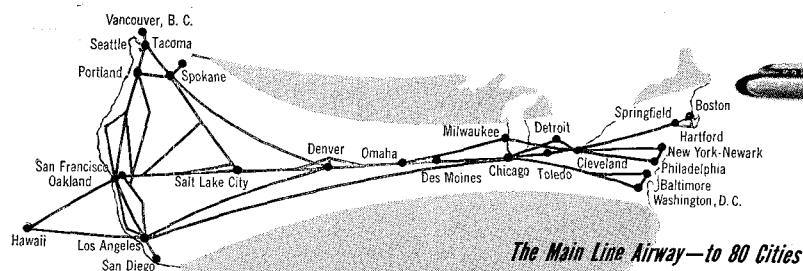
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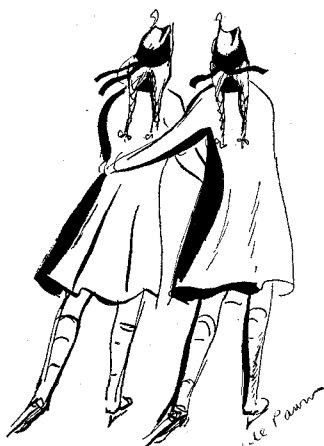
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cessories and finishing touches; \$120 and up.

CHARLES JAMES has produced a small, sensible, and good-looking collection of maternity clothes for Lane Bryant. His designs include a three-piece suit in his favorite silhouette, which is accomplished by an outward swing, front and back, in a hip-length jacket. He does the thing in blueberry flannel, with a surplice blouse of mauve rayon taffeta, or in gray flannel, with a blouse of gold rayon taffeta. The suit is \$49.95, the blouse \$9. A two-piece tunic dress of anthracite rayon taffeta is \$29.95, and a two-piece dress of beige rayon taffeta, with a diagonally buttoned overblouse, is \$19.95. At-home pajamas with tops of black-and-white rayon taffeta and tapered trousers of deep-yellow or black rayon satin come to \$27.90.

SLIPPERS of real glass are \$26.95 and \$27.95 at Bonwit Teller, and just as gay and romantic as you have a right to expect. They're of glass fibre twisted into yarn, wrapped in vinyl, and worked into a braid or basketweave pattern. Their very high heels and their bindings are of matching lustre calf, and the colors are charcoal, pale blue, hyacinth blue, pale pink, forsythia yellow, and creamy tan. There are plain pumps, halter backs, open-toed sandals, and very bare sandals. Cleaning them requires only sponge and water. The shoe department also offers an entertaining group of play shoes and pumps from Italy; \$10.95 to \$14.95. Pumps of black or salmon coarse-mesh raffia, with black or pink kid baby-Louis heels, are gagged up by a long-stemmed aster of bright pink felt at one side of the vamp. A mule of closely woven natural raffia has open toes and a two-inch heel of ridged cork; it is made fancy by planting five multicolored raffia flowers on the wide instep band. Among the flats is a



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T-strap sandal of sand-colored kid with two enormous periwinkle-blue star-shaped kid flowers at each side, as well as a delirious sandal of black patent leather with red, white, gray, yellow, green, and pink cat whiskers (of kid, not cat) across the instep.

ANYONE who's having trouble with shoes she already owns might as well turn to B. Nelson, at 10 East 39th Street. He has some new ideas about solving old problems. For instance, he will outfit opera or shell pumps that slip off the heels with a tapered, diagonal instep strap, or else cut the back and sides completely away and turn the offending pumps into obedient sandals. Sling or halter shoe straps that don't fit are replaced by comfortable, more efficiently placed straps, and he can provide a substitute for any kind of heel, including even those towering four-inch stilettos, without throwing your shoe, and you, off balance. He slashes short shoes so that your toes can breathe again, and he swears, looking the customer straight in the eye, that he can match any leather or any material. Finally, for those who care nothing about how their feet look but value comfort above all else, he takes orders for the Murray Space Shoes.

FANCIERS of pretty headgear are likely to enjoy themselves at a milliner's named Daria, on the fifth floor of

9 East 53rd Street. One of her beguiling clip bandeaux is of horsehair tubing, with three narrow rolls across the head, a big scroll at each temple, and a nose veil. It comes in a number of fresh, springlike colors, and costs \$7.50, which is where her prices begin. A delightful little half wreath of black taffeta leaves, to wear across the back of the head, finishes up, high at one side, in a big silk rose. Her bandeau of black lacquered straw, just four fan-shaped wings, is perked up here and there with tiny fabric rosebuds or straw buttons. Bandeaux armed with a cluster of three plastic shells in nearly any color are \$15.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ, at Altman, has added a Scissor Salon, where, on the spur of the moment and without an appointment, anyone can collect a fast and efficient haircut. Trims are \$2, restyling is \$3.

WOMEN who received a nasty shock when they stepped on the scales after the holidays can pay a visit to Constance Gaul, at 1 East 53rd Street, for an hour of deep, soothing body massage and what amounts to a facial. This helps melt away inches, relieves tension, and makes the skin smooth—the next best thing to a winter vacation. Single treatments are \$6, a set of ten is \$50. Basking under a sun lamp is \$2 extra. —M. M.

CAT'S-PAW

On the bright sea a tiny slur appeared—
A vibrant roughness, like a passing frown—
As on a boy's smooth chin the trace of beard,
Or on a girl's smooth arm the lamplit down;

It was the cat's-paw, reaching from the air
To tickle gently the scarce-heaving wave.
The girl need not regret her arm was bare;
The boy has years before he needs to shave.

For such faint shadows are the merest sign
That cats invisible have playful paws.
Some day the time will come when cats must dine,
And raven from the sky with tearing claws,

Toss up the spume, and hurl the spray aloft,
And batter vessels to a mess of planks.
But, for a little time, the day is soft;
The phantom cat curls skyward, purring thanks,

Curled up among the clouds, and smiles within.
How dream that time is moving, or believe
That bristled gray will sprout from craggy chin
And wrinkled arm be veiled by shapeless sleeve?
—R. P. LISTER

MUSICAL EVENTS

A New Desdemona

I AM unable to see much sense in the Metropolitan Opera's current ban on solo curtain calls, since it deprives both artists and audience of some simple and perfectly harmless pleasure. The abolition of this traditional ceremony struck me as a particular pity on Monday night of last week, when the new Italian soprano Renata Tebaldi, having made a considerable impression as Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello," was hauled before the curtain at least a score of times by Mario Del Monaco and Leonard Warren, two familiar and able singers who were evidently sharing her applause with some reluctance, since it was obvious that she, as a successful newcomer, was the sole and proper center of attention. I bring the matter up purely as a point of etiquette, however, for my own reactions to Miss Tebaldi's performance, while pleasurable for the most part, were somewhat more restrained than those of the rest of her public. Miss Tebaldi is an extremely handsome woman with a large voice of rich emotional power, and hence a very valuable addition to the Metropolitan's roster. She was at her best in the love music of the first act, which she sang with both passion and poetic feeling. And her singing also had appealing moments in the remaining three acts. To my mind, though, her performance as a whole relied a little too heavily on impulsive and rather arbitrary vocal mannerisms, which sometimes marred the classical simplicity of Verdi's long and noble melodic phrases. This was, I thought, especially true of the "Ave Maria," in the last act, which she sang with a great deal of fervor but without the poise and artful naïveté that would have given it unforgettable magic. I must point out, though, that I am comparing her with the most distinguished Desdemonas I have ever heard—notably, the magnificent and musically flawless one Elisabeth Rethberg used to sing decades ago. By these standards, Miss Tebaldi's Desdemona was not a great one. But it had a pleasingly lush and impassioned quality, nevertheless.

"Otello" is, of course, one of opera's

supreme masterpieces—I think perhaps the finest and most dramatically moving work in the form written during the entire nineteenth century—and any reasonably good performance of it is bound to leave an audience deeply impressed. Since Monday night's performance was reasonably good, I enjoyed it, even though I was conscious of its flaws. Mr. Del Monaco, as Otello, has improved his dramatic characterization enormously since he first appeared here in the part several years ago. He has the loud and ringing voice that is the basic requisite of the role, and from the very first difficult notes that follow his entrance, he sang with admirable assurance. But the tenderness that should have added depth to his monologue in Act III and to the final moments of the drama—a quality on which, naturally, a large part of Otello's conflict depends—seemed to elude him totally. He made Otello a violent and masculine figure, but not the torn and heartbroken man he must be if the tragedy is to achieve its full effect. I have somewhat similar objections to the Iago of Mr. Warren—a very familiar interpretation, which I have witnessed many times and in which I have found certain consistent weaknesses. Considered purely as a singer, Mr. Warren is, I think, one of the most scrupulous and refined operatic baritones now appearing before the public. The other night, he sang his notes with immense polish and subtlety, but over and over again I found myself praying that he would, for once, risk an element of harshness that might have added to the drama, even if it destroyed, for the moment, the pure, velvet quality of his tone. As a piece of acting, his Iago comes near to being a complete travesty. It contains not a single touch of oiliness or evil. It is, on the contrary, a curiously benign and fatherly affair, somehow suggesting that the character is a good-natured bumbler, rather than a ruthless villain.

Fritz Stiedry's handling of the great and passionate score was not all it should have been, either. It lacked pace and tension. For one thing, the growling



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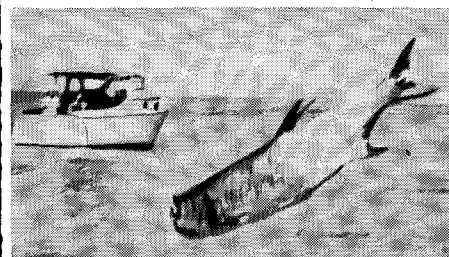
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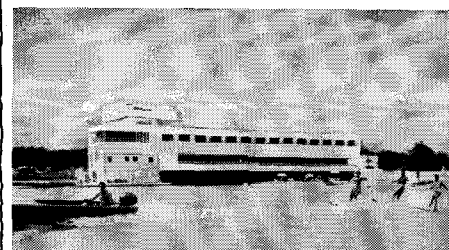
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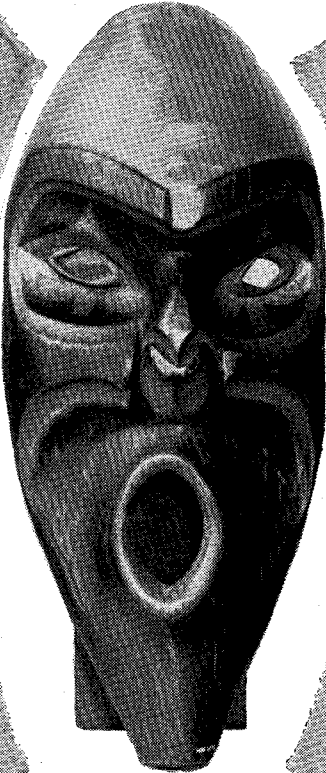
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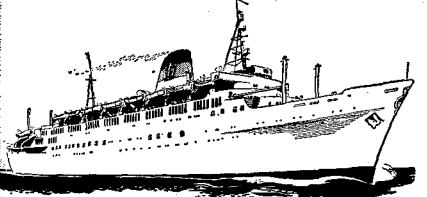
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and intensely dramatic phrases in the cellos that announce Otello's stealthy entrance into the bedroom in the last act sounded so diffident and creaky that they nearly wrecked the atmosphere of one of opera's most crucial scenes. I have seen more felicitous jobs of staging, too, than the one provided by Dino Yannopoulos. In particular, I do not see what is to be gained by having Desdemona sing her "Ave Maria" beside the bed instead of before the altar, where it is usually sung, or by placing her bed parallel to the footlights in such a way that her dying moments are obscured by the writhings of Otello. I note at this point that I have found a good many faults with the Met's current production. "Otello" is, however, such a superb piece of musical theatre that, despite some disappointing details, the production is well worth going to hear.

THE week's symphonic events included a concert on Tuesday evening in Carnegie Hall by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the baton of Sir Malcolm Sargent, and a performance of Verdi's Requiem on Thursday evening in the same auditorium by the New York Philharmonic, the Westminster Choir, and appropriate soloists, under the baton of Guido Cantelli. The former concert, while not overwhelmingly brilliant, was conducted with forthrightness and dependability, and the Philadelphia Orchestra played, as it usually does, very well indeed. The most important work on the program was Sibelius's Second Symphony. I found Sir Malcolm's interpretation of it extremely conscientious, extremely polite, and a bit literal.

The Verdi Requiem emerged under Mr. Cantelli's direction as a highly sensational and rather operatic experience, and since it is, as religious music goes, a fairly sensational and operatic work, I suppose that this sort of treatment of it is legitimate. However that may be, it contains some stretches of enthralling melody and some grand climaxes, which Mr. Cantelli seemed bent on burying under a tremendous amount of shouting, thumping of drums, and other unrestrained sounds. Among the soloists, Richard Tucker and Jerome Hines turned in the best performances. Herva Nelli and Claramae Turner sang a little unevenly, and the intonation in the *a cappella* passages of the "Lux Aeterna" was so poor that I lost my bearings temporarily. The chorus, on the other hand, sang accurately and with great spirit,

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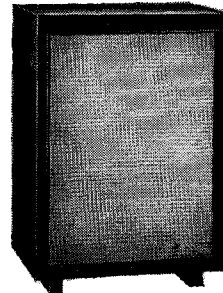
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and Mr. Cantelli's melodramatic approach to the score at least had the virtue of vigor. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Bouillabaisse

LISTENING to "Fanny," a Victor recording in which the cast and orchestra of the current Broadway show tick off Harold Rome's song numbers, is a somewhat confusing experience. What we have here is an earnest attempt to define character and situation in musical terms, without the grasp and over-all style needed to make the effort sensible. As a result, the score, which breaks down into a long string of separate numbers, has a cluttered sound. You get Walter Slezak singing, first in waltz time about its never being too late for love, then in breezy, French music-hall tempo about the joy of having a son, and later on, in a fairly conventional example of the popular song, about his devotion to his wife. You get Ezio Pinza inquiring, with bearlike joviality and to a galumphing waltz strain, "Why be afraid to dance, to dance?," singing, to a hymnlike tune, about how the gate, the door, the chair, the bed, and so on, welcome him home whenever he comes pounding back from a trip; and explaining, in still another waltz number—a rather engaging one, having to do with the parental care needed to increase a baby's weight from eight pounds to twenty-three—that "love is a very light thing." You get William Tabbert bleating about his "restless, restless, restless, restless, restless, restless heart" and lamenting his inability to give all his time to "Fanny, Fanny, Fanny." You get Florence Henderson singing a song that begins, "I have to, I have to, I have to tell you" (I've heard somewhere that the boys and girls backstage at the Majestic Theatre, where "Fanny" is playing, refer to the composer affectionately as "Harold Rome, Rome, Rome"), and one called "Be Kind to Your Parents." You get Nejla Ates chanting "Shika Shika" to a jingly tune; you get Gerald Price singing, in a hoarse voice, about his love for an octopus; and you get quite a few other things.

As you know, all these pieces have to do with the lives and loves of some simple citizens of Marseille, and I can well believe that every single number stops the show, but only, as a drama professor of mine once remarked about a young lady's enthusiastic performance, by slowing it up. Even leaving the

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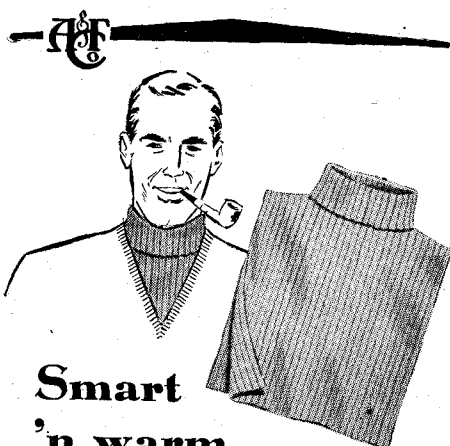
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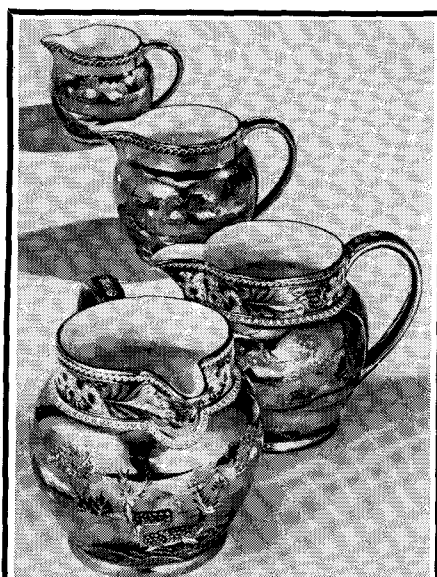
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score's regrettable lack of form out of account, the songs, except for the ones about the octopus, the lightness of love, and the advisability of children's showing consideration toward their elders, struck me as being generally dull and overorchestrated. (The arrangements frequently sink under their own weight.)

I might also mention here that Rome, playing the piano and accompanied by a couple of the pit musicians, can be heard singing most of the songs from "Fanny" on a Heritage record. It gives the listener a pleasant opportunity to taper off after such a heavy dose.

A LITTLE while back, Victor reached into its copious files and came up with a long-playing record assembled from old recordings of Noel Coward songs and bits of dialogue from his plays, which had been set down mainly by Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. The record, which was called "Noel and Gertie," had its diverting moments. Well, there's another one now, called "Lady in the Dark" by Gertrude Lawrence, given over entirely to Gertie, and in many ways it's even better. What Victor has done this time is put on one side of the record Miss Lawrence's uniquely appealing readings of songs from "Lady in the Dark" (they were originally issued in an album) and on the other side some earlier recordings, made in England, of five numbers from a Cole Porter show, "Nymph Errant," that didn't reach this country. The Porter songs are not in a class with his best works, but they are entertaining, and agreeably unfamiliar to most American listeners. As for "Lady in the Dark," the pieces Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin created for Moss Hart's musical couch are just dandy. In addition to "Jenny," "My Ship," "This Is New," "One Life to Live," and "The Princess of Pure Delight," you can hear a set of three pieces that were grouped together in the show under the general title of "Glamour Music." Two of them, "O Fabulous One!" and "Girl of the Moment," are sung to Miss Lawrence by a male chorus, while "Huxley," a delightfully extravagant utterance, is sung by her. My, she was talented!

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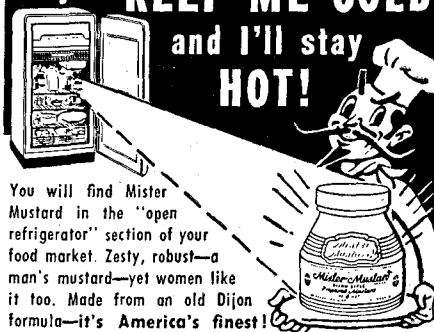
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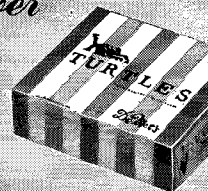
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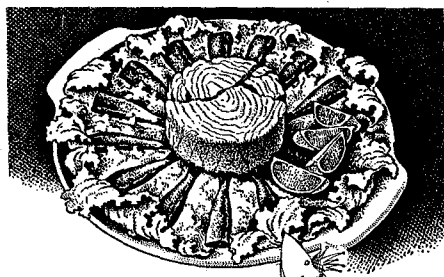
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relaxed and enjoyable performances on a new Bethlehem record. One of the pieces, "Blue and Sentimental," which dates from the late thirties and sounds suspiciously like a mere variation on a much older popular song, "Can't We Talk It Over?," gives Braff a chance to do some attractive lyrical playing. The other compositions, aside from a trivial but acceptable creation by Braff called "Ellie," are vintage works—"Struttin' with Some Barbecue," "This Can't Be Love," "Blue Room," "I Can't Get Started," "Mean to Me," and "You're a Sweetheart." Braff, as I think I have mentioned on other occasions, is an arresting horn man, and his contributions to this recording are expert and imaginative.

NOW let's have a quick look at a couple of new singles:

WITHOUT LOVE and HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MY DARLING—Eileen Barton, with orchestra. "Without Love" is out of the new Cole Porter show, "Silk Stockings," and while it isn't a completely successful effort, it does have a certain buoyancy about it, and Miss Barton appreciates this more keenly than a couple of other girl vocalists who toy with it on new records. The birthday song, by Fred Royal and Jack and Helene Polun, is a dud. (Coral)

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE? and MY HEART'S DELIGHT—Dakota Staton, with orchestra. The singer is the thing here, and not the songs, which are ordinary. Miss Staton, exercising a remarkably flexible and expressive voice, reveals herself as an engaging newcomer, and a group of musicians under the leadership of Howard Biggs gives her first-rate support. (Capitol)

—D. W.

ONE WORLD DEPARTMENT

One cannot imagine over here a contest such as was run last spring by a leading "intellectual" paper in Paris, which set its readers discovering errors hidden in successive issues. The public went mad, stormed the public libraries where they mutilated books and periodicals to carry away proofs of their erudition, and generally behaved like undisciplined children. —From "God's Country and Mine," by Jacques Barzun.

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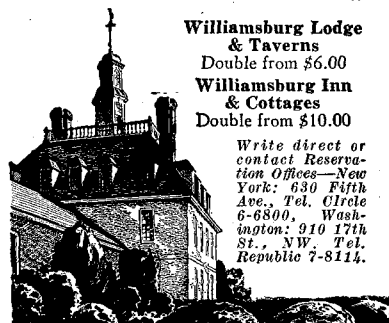
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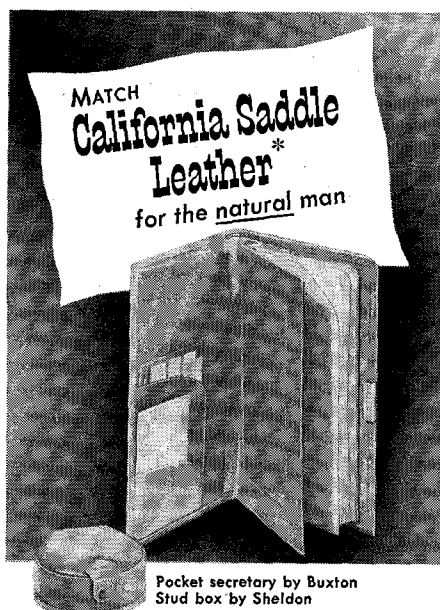
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LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 2

EVERYONE here has his eyes turned in worry toward Formosa, to see if a first bellicose nuclear spark is visible so far away. Yet the French Foreign Office has so far made no official statement on Formosa, or on what many people here think is President Eisenhower's alarming decision. Mendès-France did not mention either subject last Saturday in his regular weekend radio talk. There have been almost no Formosa editorials in the Paris papers. The first act of the newly appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, Edgar Faure, was to issue a challenge to a duel (since scotched) to Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the young founder of the pro-Mendèsist weekly

Express, on account of its caustic gibe about a decree reducing sales taxes on French race horses—a decree favored by Faure a fortnight ago, while he was Minister of Finance—and the French citizens still have no clue as to what their Quai d'Orsay thinks about possible international fighting in China. There has been no such dearth of comment on General Douglas MacArthur, hitherto unpopular here, and his unexpected, welcome, and experienced denunciation of war, made in his birthday speech. One of the Paris editors summed it up for all of them when he wrote, "We knew he was brave; we did not know he was intelligent."

It is possible that official France is concentrating too hard on its North African dangers and problems to consider other, possibly larger, troubles. Extreme pessimists in Parliament think that France may lose her North African empire entirely, because of offering too few reforms too late, and opposition optimists believe that they have a chance to lose Premier Mendès-France in this week's vital colonial debates. *Le Monde* announced on its front page, "The opposition is determined to harry Mendès-France," which, in fact, it has been doing ever since he came to power last June. But previously it has only cat-and-moused him, trying to achieve the delicate balance of injuring him and yet not having to eat him alive, he then being too big in popularity to swallow. Today's plan is to harass him regularly once a week into a vote of confidence on this or that, no

matter what—the way another opposition chivied the mediocre Laniel—until, just like Laniel, and as if there were no difference for France between these two Premiers, Mendès finally falls, which will be the kill. The major question among his bitterest enemies—Bidault and his Popular Republicans, the moderate Independents, certain hostile Gaul-

lists, and some of Mendès's own wavering Radical colleagues—is whether to let him get on with the North African settlement, sure to be unpopular with nearly everybody, especially the North Africans, or, since his over-all colonial conceptions are, ironically, somewhat similar to Bidault's, whether to trip him during the debates and let Bidault carry things on and enjoy some

gestures of accomplishment, for a change. There is also the question of saving Mendès-France temporarily to bear the onus of obtaining acceptance of the Western European Union by the Council of the Republic (the old Senate), in case it should jib at German rearmament or should be faced with an amendment insisting on General de Gaulle's conditional clause—still highly popular with many French—for one further attempt to negotiate with Moscow before signing ratification. In this situation, the Western European Union would go back to the National Assembly for rereading and repassage, a Sisyphean uphill task that probably not even Mendès-France could accomplish. At the Radical Party's recent policy-making executive meeting, the outstanding conclusion was that "the very existence of France as a great power depends to a large degree on her position as a North African nation." It is known that Mendès-France's ideas of the reforms needed to hold France powerful among her Moslems are bolder than those of his Radical colleagues. The diehard attitude of some North African white settlers was summed up in Parliament's corridors by a local deputy who said that the best way to deal with Habib Bourguiba, intellectual leader of the Tunisian Nationalist Neo-Destours, would be to shoot him.

THE floods in the cities and the countryside are now subsiding. A lot of France's arable land was under



water. The winter wheat and oats are largely drowned. Paris itself was mostly spared. On the Ile de la Cité, there was some awkward flooding of the underground cells in the Palais de Justice, where prisoners are kept until they are brought upstairs for trial. At the Institut, thousands of books were rescued from seepage in the basement stacks; fortunately, the famous Mazarine Library was not affected. Along the Quai de Passy, anchored boats rode higher than the parapeted street level, and from there to the west nothing could save the low-lying suburbs and towns, where, for nearly thirty miles—from the motorcar factories at Billancourt, through Le Pecq, and on to Poissy and Mantes—the risen river simply flowed into people's lives via their shops, parlors, bedrooms, and factories. In the towns on the periphery of Paris, two hundred factories were closed, and to the fifty thousand workers the government has now promised out-of-work pay amounting to seventy-five per cent of the hourly minimum wage for single workers and eighty-five per cent for family men. In and around Paris, the organization of an estimated seventy-five hundred professionals and volunteers for rescue work and flood fighting was astonishingly efficient. On the job were six companies of French Army engineers; Paris police; highway police; every fireman and ladder within reach; municipal masons and ditchdiggers; L'Union des Femmes Françaises, which persuaded people in dry homes to take in the castaways; La Fédération Française de Canoë-Kayak, which operated its fragile pleasure craft for delivering medicines to the sick; Boy Scouts; local American Army units, which gave raincoats and invaluable rubber boots; the Pope, who gave a million francs to the refugees; and the city of Warsaw, which topped him with ten million. Thousands of student volunteers sandbagged river parapets, working under the scholarly and apropos group title of Fluctuat, taken from the old Paris coat-of-arms motto, "*Fluctuat nec Mergitur*." Others worked in a group called Zouave, in honor of the Pont de l'Alma statue that always serves as a floodmark and on whom the river this time rose to the elbow. In the present unseemly spring weather, France is cleaning up her mud and trying to dry out.

FLOODS were also unkind to Pierre Poujade, the bookseller from the little town of Saint-Céré, in the Lot, who is the leader and national stump speaker

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of a nineteen-month-old revolt of more than half a million shopkeepers and artisans against what they claim are the iniquitously high and unjust taxes the government imposes on them. He advertised that two hundred thousand delegates of his Union de Défense des Commerçants et Artisans would meet in Paris last week to air their grievances, but the inundations made transport irregular, the state railroads refused to issue the cut-rate tickets customary for pilgrims or mass delegations, and the Department of Bridges and Roads refused to permit fleets of hired buses on the waterlogged highways. The fifty thousand delegates who eventually turned up in the Parc des Expositions at the Porte de Versailles looked to be unusually pleasant, uncynical, modest French. There was a Paris rumor afterward that Poujade had ranted like a coming dictator while his men followers roared and his women followers screamed, threw kisses to him, and swooned with emotion. Actually, the women at the meeting seemed to be mostly married shopkeepers, used to keeping their eye on the money till; as Balzac made clear, *maman la caissière* is not given to fainting spells. Poujade himself, aged thirty-four, is a chubby, handsome, curly-haired brunet and an earnest and perspiring talker, whose statistics are usually wrong but who makes sense to his followers because they agree with him. In his speech, he claimed that recent government tax reductions merely martyred the little fellow and favored big business, and that "Mendès-Lolo" (French baby talk for milk-drinking Mendès-France, whose name was booed, probably by the many café owners who are Poujade followers) wants to wipe out small tradesmen and artisans—"though for centuries we have been the backbone of France"—in favor of mass production and massive sales. He said that those of his followers who had chased nosy tax collectors out of their shops when they came to inspect the ledgers were only fighting for their liberties. "We do not want the moon," he said, and merely asked an annual tax exemption for *les petits commerçants* on their first three hundred and sixty thousand francs (about a thousand dollars); amnesty for all delinquents who have committed tax frauds; and a strike by his followers against paying any further taxes (these last two projects were enthusiastically cheered) until tax-code reforms should be established. Government tax collectors say that fiscal frauds among such small businesses are indeed widespread; that, at latest reports,

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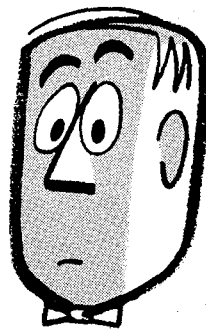
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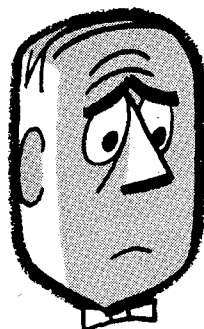
four-fifths of the nation's tradesmen—including butchers, grocerymen, plumbers, masons, and *bistro* keepers, the groups that unquestionably skim off the cream—declared monthly earnings equivalent to eighty-nine dollars, only twelve dollars more than a factory worker's wage. However, financial experts say that Poujade's proposed tax revisions have some justification. In any case, his organization's threat that it can influence coming elections is already worrying some deputies. Meanwhile, the authorities have asked the *Directeurs Généraux des Impôts et de la Comptabilité Publique*, two high officials in the Finance Ministry, to prepare a report on whether they can sue Poujade for "inciting the public to refuse or delay payment of taxes."

"LES DIABOLIQUES" is such a thriller of a new French horror film that fans queue up by the hour, even in the rain, outside three of the biggest Paris movie houses to see it. The main attraction is the reputation of its director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, as the proved master of *les films noirs*. The movie-house doors are wisely locked after the film starts, to prevent unpunctual spectators from casually seeing the end before the beginning, which would certainly explode the excitement and interest. This is the film's weakness, and maybe its super cruelty; by its dénouement it wantonly wastes the spectator's emotions. Technically, it is devilishly fine—rich French characterizations balancing on the extremes of physical terror and moral horror. All that is required is that you believe its unusual, violent human situation in the first place. In it, the sickly, well-to-do wife and the energetic mistress of a brutal director of a boys' school—both teachers, both desperate because of his sadism—form a partnership in their misery and resolve to murder him, for double good riddance, by drugging him and then drowning him in a bathtub. They deposit his corpse in the school swimming pool, whereupon his cadaver disappears until it begins stalking the school at night. The crescendo of the scenes between the two guilty women, one passive and one active as fright seizes them, makes for the creative coherence of the film until the shock of the surprise ending. Clouzot's wife, Mme. Vera Clouzot, becomes a real tragedienne as the wife of the film corpse, proving to French fans their theory that a fine director is always the real star. Clouzot ranks among the half-dozen French directors who make their intel-

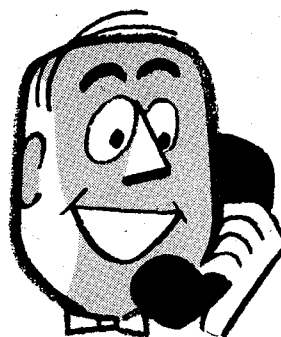
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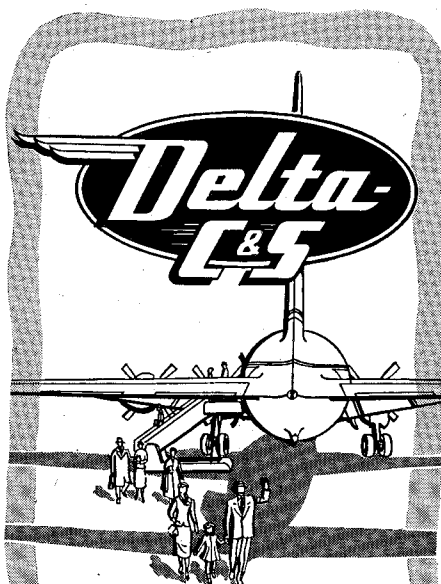
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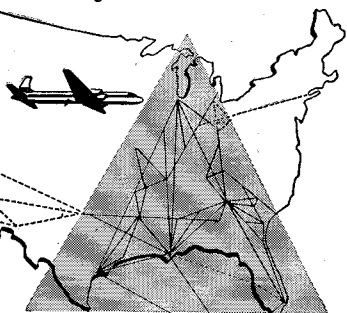




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ligence count. When young, he failed to become a naval officer because of myopia, then failed to finish his law studies when his family lost its money. He started filming in Berlin with the noted Anatole Litvak, fell ill, passed five years in a French sanatorium, and only during the Occupation directed his first celebrated picture—the poison-pen classic “Le Corbeau,” which the Nazis unexpectedly used as anti-French propaganda. He came to full fame with his masterpiece of a year or so ago, “Le Salaire de la Peur.” He is described as a timid, nervous, ill man, who directs scientifically; “Les Diaboliques” is the latest remarkable result of all that.

—GENET

LIFE IN WASHINGTON DEPT.

[From an article about Mrs. M. Robert Guggenheim in the New Haven Register]

Polly's own dinners for 22 are extremely elegant and gastronomically rich. She gives one about once a week with an occasional huge one followed by a dancing party. Justices, generals, and senators have fox-trotted, waltzed and rumbaed in the great hall of their mansion and then clapped their hands and stomped their feet in a gay Virginia reel.

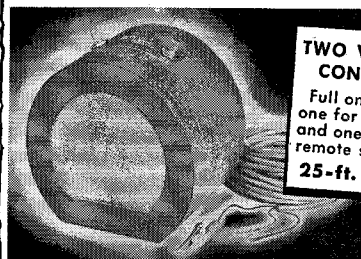
Mrs. G. chooses the menus for every dinner and her husband the wines. Judging by the de luxe feast that results, they vie with each other. The same combination of fine foods, if well-liked, is repeated sometimes with the same guests. It almost always includes terrapin Maryland, an expensive specialty that Polly started serving during the war because it was unrated and ever since people have howled if she didn't have it.

The menu is always formally printed on silver-edged cards and placed around the table to warn the guests what's coming. At a dinner in November for the French ambassador and Mme. Bonnet and the American minister to Luxembourg and Mrs. Wiley Buchanan, this is what the guests outwardly groaned and inwardly glowed over:

Blinis—i.e. pancakes with quantities of fresh caviar and sour cream poured over them and passed twice; terrapin Baltimore that made your mouth water and was also passed twice; roast pheasant, bread sauce, French peas, chestnuts and raisins; tossed salad with pate de foie gras and cherries jubilee with petit fours. The wines were five in number: Vodka, Bristol cream sherry, grands echezeaux 1929, dry Monopole 1947, and Duque of Braganca ferreirinha 1917. Very few were able to rise from the table.

Mrs. Guggenheim received her guests wearing one of her 30 or more exquisite evening gowns and the largest sapphire in the world. A gift from her husband a couple of years ago, it is a rectangular stone surrounded by diamonds and weighing probably in the neighborhood of 500 karats. But Polly never calls attention to it and she chuckles over its size if anyone mentions it.

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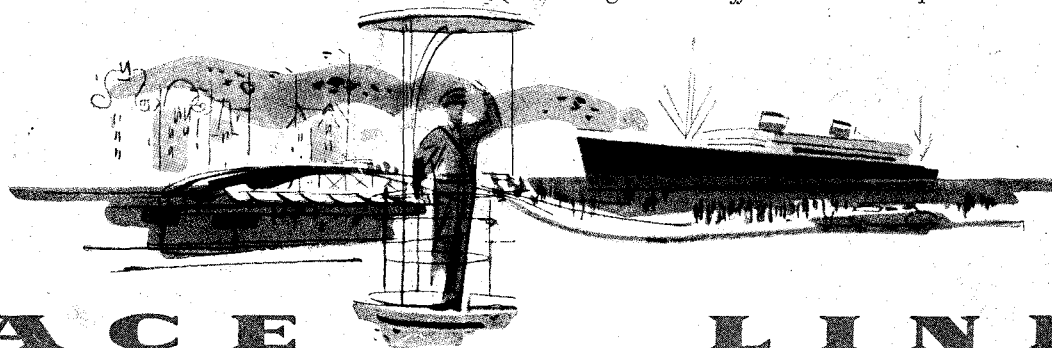
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